

# CONFERENCE

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXIV

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
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A Million and a Quarter Homes.  
(In which is combined and consolidated)  
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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**Crumbs of Comfort**

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.  
Every man has in him a slumbering hog.  
The history of love is the history of humanity.  
Beauty without grace is a hook without bait.  
Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill nature.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Friendship is a shield that blunts the darts of adversity.

The more honest a man is, the less he affects the air of a saint.

The ox that arrives first at the pool drinks the cleanest water.

An indiscreet person is an unsealed letter—everyone can read it.

When we combat that which we love, sooner or later we surrender.

For one virtue that makes us walk, how many vices make us run.

Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and of joy.

Two thirds of life are spent in hesitating and the other third in repenting.

He who will not take advice gets knowledge when trouble overtakes him.

Love that sometimes corrupts pure bodies, often purifies corrupt hearts.

To discuss a subject with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man.

We like to know the weakness of the great; it consoles us for our own inferiority.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call to duty.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.

The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.

Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.

We may prostrate ourselves in the dust when we have committed a fault, but it is not best to remain there.

Nothing is more ruinous for a man than when he is mighty enough in any part to right himself without right.

## The Travadi Diamonds

By Walter Scott Haskell

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"Are you aware that he is in the house at this present moment in the guise of a detective?"

"No, sahib. I would not think that he could be a real officer, for he intimated to me in conversation that he was a fugitive from justice."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Not direct, sahib, but indirectly he admitted as much, seemingly a slip of the tongue, unintentionally. He also said something about a contemplated trip on a what-you-call-it, ocean steamer."

"Aha! Going to run away and give us the slip, is he? Well, we'll see about that. By the way, Miss Debl, may I ask how long have you been acquainted with this suspect?"

"At the night of the ball I was introduced to him for the first time by one of the lady conductors. I cannot recall to myself the particular lady, but I am sure it was one of the bridesmaids and a lady of undoubted sincerity. I am sure and positive, sahib, that she did not know that he was a thief, and I myself would never suspect him to be other than a perfect gentleman. In truth I was somewhat in his favor with my judgment of him, and am much wrought up to think now that such a nice appearing gentleman could be so base at heart as to steal my diamonds. Oh, sahib, if the thief goes away out of the country on some foreign ship to never come back, I my diamonds lose forever, and I mourn their loss exceedingly. Oh, the precious gems that were the envy of all the court ladies, for none had their equal."

"Do not concern yourself, I pray, for in this age of rapid travel and quick telegraphic communication, a thief has small chance of escaping pursuit and getting away with it under especially if he attempts to dispose of it. So valuable a necklace would attract suspicion of any to whom the thief would try to sell, and would be sure to lead to his early capture. Trust me, lady, I shall do my best." I said reassuringly, and with perfect self-confidence in my ability to perform the task allotted.

"Oh, sahib! Your assurance is indeed encouraging, and does give me a peace of mind that I have not had for three days. If there is that that I could do to assist in the search for the robber, I am most willing to help. I would even go in disguise and shadow the thief like a professional detective man who might teach me to work where I could do good. Yes, sahib, the diamonds are more than a common loss, for to me, they possess a spiritual value that is beyond price. My father's father owned them, and his father, and his, and all along the ancestral line they were a subject of ancestral worship and much spiritual communion; they scintillated the light of Brahma and I believe possessed a soul then, and now. Yes, sahib, diamonds such as those, have a soul that is never dying. They were one with me, the soul of each gem that sparkled, and all blended in truth."

She became so embued with the subject nearest her heart, that her patrician face radiated the sunshine that she ascribed to the jewels, the spirituality, the ethical value. With something of an artistic nature, a near poet heart, I drank in the beauty of her pose, and could easily imagine that there was a subtle influence that surrounded her, more spiritual and potent for good than could be around any set of diamonds that the world has ever seen.

I returned to the subject and made this suggestion: "My dear young lady: Your offer of assistance may sooner or later be acceptable to me, for with a lady of your social standing working in conjunction with myself and possibly other assistants, the chances of apprehending the thief would be multiplied considerably. As to the matter of disguise, we can arrange that when necessary, and I will feel doubly sure of success if you hold yourself in readiness to go into service at any moment that seems fitting. I shall not allow the present suspect to get very far away without following him, I am already in touch with every center of public travel, and will be informed if a certain gentleman takes it into his head to leave the country."

Six days have passed since the foregoing, and events have followed each other in rapid succession. Sriwan Sasindra has taken passage on the Hindu-Vesta, a tramp steamer bound for Australia, hence to New York with a consignment of snakes for a menagerie, a few animals of the jungle, and seven cabin passengers. The steamer is now three days from Calcutta, and I fancy that an elderly appearing gentleman who walks the deck and strokes his long gray beard and watches out of the corners of his eyes all that is going on, is a very clever fellow. And I pat myself on the shoulder as I stand

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# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Directions for Making Roll Stitch

Throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over.

## Knot Stitch

Draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot.

## Relief Crochet

**T**HIS work is different from ordinary crochet in that the heavy work or patters is worked out in roll stitch, which makes the work very handsome and also substantial.

In the Dutch collar the rolls are combined with knot stitch, but in the hood and lace simple chain stitches form the background as in Irish crochet.

A beginning should be made on something easy, such as the lace illustrated in Fig. 1, as some practice is necessary before one can make the rolls even.

In making a roll, if in drawing the thread through the coil the needle should stick, hold the coil or roll between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and push the hook as far as possible, then pull the stitch through on the hook.

If the needle should stick when half way through, do not try too hard to force it through or the thread may break. If it is rolled too tight it is better to undo the work and try over again.

## Relief Lace

This lace is especially desirable for edging dollies as it fits around a curved edge smoothly, and is made across the width instead of lengthwise.

Begin with ch. 40 sts.

In 5th ch. from needle make 2 roll sts., thread over needle 10 times, ch. 5, 2 rolls in 10th st. Repeat until 7 groups of rolls are complete; turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, a group of 3 d. c. under each ch. 5, with ch. 2 between each group, 1 d. c. under ch. 5 at end of row.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, 2 rolls under each ch. 2 in last row, ch. 5 between each group 2 rolls, 9 rolls under ch. 7 at end of row, 1 sl. st. in 1st row so that group of 2 rolls come into the scallop, also; turn.

\* 3 times, ch. 3 and fasten down on next 2nd row back.

10th row.—Turn and make 5 s. c. under each ch. 3, then ch. 5 to end of row, ch. 5 and turn.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 2 rolls under 1st ch. 5, ch. 5, repeat, making 7 groups of rolls the same as in 1st row.

Repeat all from 2nd row.

## Child's Sacque in Relief Crochet

Materials.—Six ounces of cream Saxony yarn and three and a half yards of inch-wide ribbon, blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

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10th row.—Turn and make 5 s. c. under each ch. 3, then ch. 5 to end of row, ch. 5 and turn.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 2 rolls under 1st ch. 5, ch. 5, repeat, making 7 groups of rolls the same as in 1st row.

Repeat all from 2nd row.

## Child's Sacque in Relief Crochet

Materials.—Six ounces of cream Saxony yarn and three and a half yards of inch-wide ribbon, blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

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# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HE importance of preserving what there is left of our forests can not be exaggerated. We have already gone too far in the wasteful destruction of trees and must now pursue a systematic and effective course of reforesting those great areas in the mountainous districts and about the sources of our rivers and streams where the forests that nature placed there to protect and regulate our water supply have been cut off. There are two reasons why this cause is absolutely imperative.

First, and most obviously, to provide a supply of lumber for building and manufacturing uses. Even the most casual observer of present conditions must appreciate the force of this argument. Twenty-five years ago lumber of good quality, of all kinds and suitable for all purposes was plenty and comparatively cheap in all parts of this country. Nearly every State then had large forests which produced an abundant supply for the home market and a considerable surplus for export to foreign lands. Since then timber of certain kinds, some of them the most valuable, has been practically all cut off; in many and large sections almost all the merchantable timber of all kinds has been cut. With the large increase of population and the growth of manufactures the demand for lumber has increased enormously and the annual cut of timber has kept increasing. This has progressed so rapidly and has wrought such havoc with our forests that where we used to export we now have to import lumber. Some kinds of lumber have disappeared entirely from the market, and it is very difficult to obtain lumber suitable for certain structural and mechanical purposes. With the increasing scarcity the quality has deteriorated and the prices have risen enormously within the last few years.

At the present rate of cutting the vanishing point of our forests is easily in sight and the lumber famine will be but a few years distant unless some general and efficient action is taken to prevent waste of our present forests and to plant trees where the forests have already been ruthlessly destroyed.

The question of how to raise sufficient crops to feed the rapidly increasing population of the world is a serious problem which we see much discussed in the papers and magazines by able writers and expert investigators. But lumber is as necessary to civilized life as is food, and at the present rate of consumption we shall suffer, and suffer severely, for lack of lumber long before we reach a shortage of food. Besides, we can increase the yield of crops to the acre by the use of artificial fertilizers and intensive farming, but when the timber is gone it takes a generation or more to grow trees fit for lumber, and for many purposes there seems to be no practical substitute for wood.

Half a century ago Germany passed through the crisis at which we are just arriving and we should profit by her experience and follow her example before it is too late. At that time, because of wasteful cutting and forest fires, the timber supply of Germany was nearly exhausted although she had vast mountain districts which had once been heavily timbered and in which lumber was the natural and most profitable product or crop. With characteristic foresight, wisdom and energy the German government stepped in with laws which not only provided protection of the remaining forests from destruction by fire, but also prevented waste by prohibiting the cutting of trees under a certain size and requiring that young trees be planted to take the place of the large ones when cut, also by encouraging the planting of trees in all sections naturally adapted to forest growth.

Germany has developed forestry into a science which she has applied with marked success and great profit during the past half century with the result that instead of destroying the remnant of her forests she has largely increased their extent and value by careful cultivation; instead of experiencing an increasing scarcity of lumber Germany is now producing and cutting more timber each year, and yet the supply is increasing also. In this country we must take similar measures for the preservation and increased productiveness of our forests, and must do it at once and on a large scale if we would escape the distress of a lumber famine in the near future.

Scarcely any class of property has risen in value so rapidly as the timber lands during the last twenty-five years, but unfortunately the immense profit of this enhanced value for the most part has gone to make the few rich trusts, syndicates and millionaires that now own the greater part unnecessarily richer while the people have had to pay the bill, as usual.

That is because these trusts, syndicates and few rich men have got hold of the larger and most valuable part of the timber lands in this country.

All these privately owned timber lands were once the property of the States or federal government, and were either given away or sold for almost nothing.

There are still many small timber tracts owned by farmers and other men of moderate means, but the syndicates and trusts are buying these up as fast as they can, which is aggravating a condition that is already deplorable, and if permitted to go on in the future as it has in the past will soon result in a gigantic trust owning the timber lands of this country and putting up the price of lumber as high as it sees fit, at the same time shutting foreign lumber out of our market by means of a high protective tariff.

They are continually buying up these small timber tracts from the farmers because they know that high as lumber now is it will soon be higher and that the price will keep on rising

year after year as the demand is certain to increase and the supply is rapidly diminishing; and the farmers sell because they do not understand the situation, and the prices offered for their timber and wood-lots seem tempting, not realizing that the purchasers are sure to make a big profit on the deal in a few years at the outside.

We advise and urge every one of our readers that owns a timber-lot or wood-lot, large or small, to hold on to it. Don't sell it at any price, because you may be sure that the long-headed fellow that wants to buy it sees a good fat profit for himself or for the rich syndicate he represents at the price he offers. If he did not he would not want to buy it. Keep the land and make the profit yourself and pass it on to your children as a valuable asset that will continually increase in value.

The thought may occur to you that you can not afford to keep it for an advance in value, and you may want to know how you are ever to get the benefit of this rise in value if you never sell it to get the money out. That is just what I wish to make clear and show you how the rich get richer by buying up the timber lands, holding onto them, never selling but operating them wisely. This is how they do it.

The wealthy syndicate sends an expert who either actually counts every tree large enough for merchantable lumber on your lot that they think of buying, or else counts and measures enough of them to enable him to make an accurate estimate. Then they know just what the trees that are large enough to cut are worth as they stand, and they offer you for the entire timber-lot or wood-lot a price that is less than the standing wood and timber of merchantable size is worth on the stump. There is no guesswork about it with them; it is an absolute certainty. The price looks big to you; you want the money, perhaps need it for improvements on your farm, and so you sell. Now what does the syndicate or trust or rich purchaser do?

If the timber is young, thrifty and growing fast he just lets it stand and grow for a few years, and each year adds two values to his property; one by the growth of the timber, the other by the rise in the market price of lumber. Then when he thinks the timber, or a good part of it, has got its growth he begins to cut, and cut carefully and wisely, or he sells the large trees standing to some lumberman who cuts them and manufactures them into lumber.

Trees, like all other crops, have an age when they reach maturity and either begin to die or nearly stop growing, and at that age they should be cut. The age of maturity or time for profitable cutting varies widely with different kinds of trees. Also on any wood or timber-lot the trees are of various ages and sizes.

It is very wasteful to cut or destroy small trees, especially those that have just reached the size and age at which they are growing rapidly; they have little or no present value for lumber if you cut them, but they have a substantial value on the land, if you leave them standing, because in a few years they will grow to a size that will bring a good price for lumber.

The shrewd timber-land owners, the big ones and the rich ones, never allow their small trees to be cut, destroyed or damaged. They sell only the larger trees and they make the lumbermen who cut them take care not to destroy the small trees and to avoid all possible damage in their lumbering operations. The careful cutting out of the large trees lets the sun in and the smaller trees that are left grow the faster, and in a few years there is another good crop of large trees to cut. A timber or wood-lot treated in this way never becomes exhausted, but continually increases in value and is a sure source of increasing revenue as the timber grows and the price of lumber and fire wood rises.

That is the way the farmers ought to manage their timber and wood-lots, but most of them do not. If they operate themselves they usually cut and slash indiscriminately, either cutting everything clean off the land and letting it grow up to weeds and worthless bushes, cutting every tree that is big enough for a bean-pole, a fence rail or for fire wood, or they sell the standing timber to a lumberman. They will probably leave the brush and small limbs scattered about the lot to dry up and become a source of great danger in case of fire getting started. It often happens that fire gets in after such treatment and not only sweeps off all there is left but burns the soil and also spreads into other timber lots. Even if it escapes fire destruction, where all but the very smallest trees are cut off it takes more than one lifetime for them to grow up to be of any value, and there being no seed trees left the bare parts of the lot grow up to weeds or worthless bushes, or the soil becomes badly washed and gullied on the hillsides.

If the farmer sells his timber standing to a lumberman, the latter gives it no better treatment when he cuts, because he does not own the land and cares nothing about how he leaves the lot.

The brush and limbs left as refuse of lumbering operations should be piled in open spaces and burned when the snow is on the ground or in a wet time when there is no danger of fire spreading.

When the farmer sells his standing timber to the lumberman he should have it specified in the contract of sale that no trees under a certain size are to be cut, and that in cutting the large ones care is to be taken not to unnecessarily destroy or damage the small trees. Also be sure to leave standing enough seed trees to seed the bare places. It will also pay well to take

up small trees from the thickest part of the young growth and plant them on the bare areas.

Intelligent forest culture pays better than many lines of agriculture and is sure to become more and more profitable.

In this country there is much land well adapted to forest growth which is of little value for any other purpose, and it will pay the owner of such a tract to plant it with forest trees.

Besides the advantage that the timber-land owners would derive by forest cultivation and the interest that the people should have in preventing a lumber famine, there are other weighty reasons of nation-wide importance for preserving our forests.

The forests grow on the hills and mountain slopes and about the sources of the streams and rivers, and they prevent or mitigate floods and droughts. They prevent freshets by shading the snow and preventing it from melting too rapidly under the spring sun, and they act as sponges to take up and hold back the rain water and give it out slowly into the springs and brooks and water courses that feed the great rivers, and thus they render an immense service in regulating and equalizing the flow of water in the rivers, holding the excess of water back in heavy rains and giving it out slowly through the dry seasons.

Careful observation has proved that where the forests have been cut off the snow water and rain-water rushes immediately into the streams causing freshets and then leaving the streams with little or no water during the dry seasons. The floods and freshets not only do incalculable damage, but all this excess of water that thus goes to waste is very much needed during the dry season to maintain the stream-flow and proper depth of water for irrigation, water power and navigation purposes.

The tree roots and other forest vegetation also protect and hold the soil and prevent it from being gullied and washed away by the heavy rains. Where the forests on the hillsides and mountains are cut off, and especially where the ground is burned over, the soil rapidly washes away leaving the rocks and ledges bare so that nothing can grow there; and the soil thus washed away, or the finer part of it is carried down the streams into the rivers where it finally settles forming mud banks, bars and shoals that obstruct navigation.

Forest fires, which can and should be prevented, each year destroy millions of dollars' worth of valuable standing timber, frequently causing great loss of buildings and other property and more or less loss of human lives.

If there is any one thing that the government ought to own and control for the benefit of all the people it is the forests.

Fortunately the government still owns large forest tracts in the mountains that protect the headwaters of most of the western rivers. These national forests contain over five hundred million dollars' worth of timber, about one fifth of all the standing timber in the United States.

President Roosevelt induced Congress to adopt a wise policy of protecting these forests from destruction and of managing them in the interest and for the benefit of the people. This consisted chiefly of regulating the annual cut of timber, the planting of trees where the forest growth had been destroyed, and the establishment of a ranger service to prevent the spread of fires which included the building of roads and telephone lines.

The government receives a considerable revenue from the national forests and has been spending about five million dollars a year for improvement and protection of them. The money was well expended and the results obtained were worth many times the cost.

It is with deep regret that we note that the appropriation for forest improvement and protection recently passed by the House of Representatives was cut over a million dollars, mostly in the important matter of fire protection, and we hope the Senate will insist on restoring this item in the appropriation.

It seems strange that Congress should make this reduction in the face of the experience of 1910 when seventy-nine fire fighters and twenty-five settlers were burned to death in the national forests, and twelve million dollars' worth of timber was destroyed besides the homes and other property of hundreds of citizens. It seems false economy thus to endanger the safety of public property of immense value and the homes and lives of thousands of our people.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Parcels Post* seems to be dead for this present session of Congress which will adjourn about the time this paper reaches our readers. The House of Representatives has included in the Post Office Appropriation Bill a small appropriation for making an experimental test of the local rural parcels post on some of the rural delivery routes. This may or may not get safely through the Senate; if it does it is all there is any prospect of getting in the way of parcels post legislation at this session, and it is a very unsatisfactory measure at that. But the fight has not been in vain; the cause has made a decided gain and is gaining every day. The people are waking up to realizing sense of their interests and their power, which latter we believe they will use wisely at election and give us a Congress that will be more favorable. We are in nowise discouraged and *COMFORT* will renew the fight for the people's rights when Congress assembles again next December.

Comfort's Editor.

## The Travadi Diamonds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

In about half an hour the yacht was within hailing distance, and we could see the men on her deck dressed in their natty suits and looking very trim and neat, as did the vessel itself. A man stood on the fore-deck and with speaking trumpet shouted: "Hindu-Vesta ahoy! We wish to come aboard."

"For what purpose?" asked our captain from the after deck.

"Private business in the name of the 'crown.' Can only talk when aboard. Please make ready with the ladder."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the captain, and then he gave orders to his men to prepare for visitors.

The two vessels then began to maneuver, and the yacht's crew prepared to lower a boat. We could see that they had loosed the ropes from the davits, but did not lower the boat into the water. There was some hesitation, and the cause was plainly the roughness of the sea. The wind had continued to rise until it now blew almost a gale. No sailor in his right mind would trust himself in a small boat on such a sea. So they

waited, but kept close to us, while the wind blew in our stern and drove a ship headlong through the big waves, not giving her time to rise on their crests. The result was that much water was shipped, and the deck was washed with tons of salt brine.

This state of things continued for about two hours, during which time the passengers were called to breakfast, though many were seasick and ate but little. I was in the main cabin in conversation with an Englishman who was going to Australia to start a sheep colony. He said that he had failed in some business in India, but was confident that he would make a success of his sheep venture. "Nothing like keeping up courage," he was saying, when we were startled by the captain's voice as he shouted down the companion way: "All hands on deck! Get life preservers. The ship is going on the rocks of an island!"

Then he was gone, and everyone sprang to their feet and rushed up the companionway.

There was a jam in the narrow passage, and men fought with each other for the right of way. The instinct of self-preservation was rife in each individual to the extent that each ignored his neighbor's rights and only thought of his own impending doom. I saw a man crashing a frail

woman with his big, brutish body, and I pushed him aside and gave her the precedence. He was blind with fear, and as irresponsible as a runaway horse.

Admitting that my own first thought was for safety, my next thought was for those for whose I was thinking of her, Debi came from the steerage and was evidently unaware of the danger that threatened us.

"Ho, Miss Debi!" I called, forgetting for the moment that she was taking the guise of a boy and the name of Nikka. "The captain says something is the matter with the ship, and that we had better as a matter of precaution, put on life-preservers. Here is one under the seat in the main saloon. Allow me to strap it on you."

While speaking I had secured the buoy and approaching her with it, began to put it around her. Recovering from the first surprise she murmured:

"Oh, my! I hope the ship is not going to sink."

Securing another life-buoy I fastened it onto myself and then half carried my light-weight companion up the stairway. As soon as our heads came above the deck our breaths were nearly taken away by the fierce wind that swept the planks. There was a great commotion and men were trying to lower a boat. I could see that the ship

was being swept by the gale toward a low-lying land in front, with what looked like dangerous reefs surrounding it. Evidently the rudder was out of commission, for the ship was under no control. The captain was shouting orders, and doing his best to prepare for the inevitable crash on the rocks of the shore. The waves were mountains high, and the ship was tossed like a cork over the great billows and toward her doom. As I stood irresolute by the pitching rail, a hand was laid on my shoulder. Turning, I confronted Sriman Sasindra. He was tolerably calm, though I was conscious that he was roused in his deeper self, for his eyes scintillated a peculiar light that possessed a mesmeric charm, at least to me, when he said:

"Brave American, I trust you to care for the heir of Travadi. Jump into the sea, both of you, before the ship strikes. Quick now!"

His command was so forceful in its nature that I came near obeying the impulse on the instant, but hesitated, to ask:

"Must I leave the old aunt to perish in the ship?"

"I look to the old aunt, trust me to save her. Now, get on the rail and jump as far out as you can. I will catch you."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**P**ROBABLY far more women make a success of poultry raising than men, and I believe chiefly because they give more attention to detail. But what I want to tell you about is the success of two women who two years ago started in the poultry business; one a school teacher whose health made it necessary to follow more of an outdoor life, and the other an enthusiast in all farming pursuits.

This farm is situated about ten miles from COMFORT's publishing house and a mile and a half from a railroad. The principle followed was to start in a small way with the best obtainable and to improve on that. The poultry was high class with a view to making it possible to sell selected cockerels for breeding purposes, and eggs for both food and hatching.

They began with a small stock of laying hens which were the best that money could buy. For a high-class setting of eggs they were willing to pay \$5.00 and \$10.00. From small weekly shipments of eggs to a class of customers in Massachusetts, who gladly paid a high price for fresh eggs, a trade was established which far exceeded anything they had expected.

Only uniform eggs of large size were sent to market, and as their excellence became known their list of customers increased. The first shipment made was twelve dozen, and two years later the February shipment amounted to \$105. Besides this a goodly sum was realized this past winter from the sale of high-bred cockerels. The farm raises only Barred Plymouth Rocks and Buff Orpingtons.

Eventually all the feed for the hens will be raised on the farm. Last year a small experimental field of a half acre was raised. The wheat was good and took the second prize at the Seed Improvement Society. Two hundred bushels of oats were raised on five acres of land. Their yellow corn took second prize at the Central Maine Fair.

Realizing that knowledge and experience could be gained by attending the poultry shows, they not only did this but exhibited as soon as they had something good enough to show, and it was then they discovered that they really had some fine birds.

These two young women merit the great praise they receive for their accomplishments. They consider their work still in its infancy, and will improve and increase their business each year.

This tells you sisters what two State-of-Maine women are doing, and that it is just an instance of the ingenuity, good common sense, and judgment of our American women of whom we hear more about every year.—Ed.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

I have taken COMFORT for some time and I do enjoy it. It is surely rightly named and I hope I will never be without it.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson is just the woman we would all love to have for a neighbor, and we would be better for it too.

I have never seen a letter from this part of Colorado, and I think sometime when I haven't so much to do I will go to work getting new subscribers.

We have lived on a homestead one year, and have our place all fenced but not much cleared done.

This winter my husband is working at Telluride, a mining town about ninety miles from here; he is an iron moulder and went there because there is no foundry here. Our four little ones and I are holding down the homestead and caring for our cow, pigs and chickens.

We have two brown-eyed boys, Estel and Walter, and two blue-eyed girls, Muriel and Edna. The oldest will be six in July and the youngest is sixteen months.

We raised a fine garden last year and I hope to have still better this year. We can raise most everything except melons and tomatoes.

We live near the famous Cliffs through I have never been to see them but hope to go before long. Others say they are wonderful.

My second little girl had eczema for over two years on her face all the time, and all over her body at intervals. She wore masks made of old linens all over her face for ten months. Our hearts ached to see her suffer so and be unable to help her, as it seemed we could not find anything to relieve the terrible itching. She is bright and healthy now and my how proud we are of her. We spent hundreds of dollars for doctors and medicine, but nothing helped her much until she got all her teeth.

Sisters, if you churn and your butter is soft leave it in the milk and keep turning the dasher now and then until it cools then take out and wash and salt and it will not be white and spongy.

Homesteading is not all easy that's sure, but so many go from the cities who know nothing of ranch life and when they get on a homestead with so much work and lonesomeness they are almost always sure to fail.

My letter is getting long and I must close and get dinner.

I send best wishes to all. I am twenty-seven years old.

MRS. LILLIE EVERETT, Mancos, Colo.

Mrs. Everett. You pay me a high compliment when you say you would like me for a neighbor. I have very decided ideas about this subject and I will tell you some of them so you can better judge how I would really qualify as a neighbor.

Somehow it always seemed to me there was a bond between people living near enough to be called neighbors; that the interest should be more than passing. I do not mean to suggest

familiarity, but a rallying of forces in case of distress day or night; neighbors that will protect both your property and good name.

I do, and I think most women greatly enjoy taking their sewing and sitting for an afternoon with one or more neighbors. Let these be hours of real profit to each other, passing along helpful ideas. Lay plans for the betterment of school and church, and make an effort at such gatherings to discover the nearby needy ones, and never gossip for it weakens friendship.

A good neighbor will never try to probe into your affairs should she happen to call and find you apparently distressed, but will tactfully take her departure unless she can engage you in cheerful conversation. One can soon tell.

And last but by no means least, will the good neighbor "drop in" at an hour when she is quite likely to find you trying to do two hours' work in one, and stay until nearly time for "John" and the children to come home to dinner.—Ed.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

I can't stay away any longer for I want to tell how I think the home ought to be made for children. Make the children happy. Do not nag or scold them; if you began their training right there will never be any need of it.

When they see your face in the morning let it be with a smile upon it, go about your morning work pleasantly and see they go about their in the same way. I believe in giving each and every child, some little task, for they should be busy while their parents work? It is not the amount of real work they do that counts so much as the thought it is their duty to help and they are doing their share of the work that has to be done. I do not for a moment mean they are to be kept busy at work every minute out of school, but some little task that will help to make mother's day's work a little lighter. They will feel better if they think they are really helping and be sure to let them know when they do help. It is very easy to say "mother's good boy or girl; what a help to me." If you are baking it is very easy to trace the child's initial on top a cookie, or to frost the top of a few to reward them when they have done some thoughtful act.

What merry times, especially when "mother" becomes a girl again and joins in the fun and frolic! I do not mean it is necessary to play with the children all the time.

And when father comes home instead of slinking into corners and talking in whispers as many unfortunate children have to do, see that nothing shall interfere with the children's hour. Make it the happiest hour of all the day. If he loves his little ones and his home coming ends their pleasure they come to doubt his love for them.

Let little friends visit them but be sure that the child whose ways are not the right ways is not among them. Keep children busy all their waking hours; at work or play teach them to love nature as they find it in

"flowers and trees,  
humming birds and honey bees."

Mothers dear, love them; let them know it, and let your love mean more than covering their bodies, filling their stomachs, and keeping them clean. Be their comrade, share all joys and sorrows, send them to bed with the thought that father and mother are best and kindest in all the world.

I so much enjoy the sisters' letters to COMFORT. Would be glad to hear from any of the sisters.

With all good wishes to COMFORT readers,

MRS. JESSIE HENDERSON, Bloomingdale, Ind.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**

I do so enjoy reading COMFORT for I think one learns a good deal by reading this valuable and yet inexpensive paper. Will soon have a few new subscribers.

I wonder how many of our sisters are Christians but unable to attend religious meetings. We live twelve miles from any church and since we have no horse it is rather a thing out of the question. How nice it is though for neighbors to get together and hold prayer meetings. Have not been here very long so of course am not acquainted with very many people beside Catholics, and I am a Baptist. We all aim for the same place though, and I think as long as we do according to teaching one is just as much in the right as the other.

We live on a claim of three hundred and twenty acres of prairie land. This is my first experience of living in the country. Was born and reared in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and thought there was nothing like it, until eight months ago I came out here as a "bride" to make it my future home. I do think that country life is far better than city life, where one lives from mouth to mouth.

Country girls are attracted by the higher wages paid city girls, but don't seem to consider the fact that board, etc., takes about all one can earn. Be content on the farm girls for there are better off in the end. Was surprised to see such good, healthy looking girls here, but why not with all the fresh air and nice, fresh vegetables, eggs, etc.? We live in a one room shack and although I find it rather a difficult thing trying to keep it clean, do think it might be worse. Have a very good "hubby" and am very happy, so have nothing to complain of.

I intend having a small garden this spring and trying my luck at it. Am afraid you sisters think a city girl makes a poor farmer's wife, but we can learn and so in time pass off pretty well.

Would like to thank the kind sisters who have been sending me literature. Am very much pleased with it and enjoy reading same.

Wishing all our COMFORT sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson health and happiness, I remain,

MRS. HENRY BURGER, Tampico, Valley Co., Mont.

Mrs. Burger. Just a word of admiration for your pluck and determination to win.

Under your clever management that garden will grow I am sure. I like your sound advice to girls who look to the cities as a place where life is made easier. Comparatively speaking, wages are much lower than in smaller places, and faded beauty tells the story of impure air, insufficient nourishment, and the pitiful struggle which the city girl encounters to keep herself neatly clad, to say nothing of suitable clothing in a changing climate.

This doesn't mean that my sympathies are not with the girl who feels the need of becoming a wage earner, for they are first and last, but sad to say, that with this need experience does not come; only time brings that. And so I just want to throw out a true though homely warning. "To look before you leap."—Ed.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**

Will you please let me join your happy circle? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about eight years. I could not possibly keep house without it, a fact you will realize when I say that last summer when my subscription expired I borrowed the money to renew. I read my papers from cover to cover and then pass it on to a neighbor.

I have been married nearly three years to one of the best "Eliza's." We are poor in this world's goods, yet happy. Poor did I say? Maybe we are rich as the richest, our treasure being a little blue-eyed romping boy thirteen months old; the sunshine of our hearts and home. His name is Elza Gerald. Mothers write more about the care and training of children. I am sure you will find appreciative readers.

My husband works on the railroad as a section hand, leaving home at six in the morning, returning at five thirty at night. Sometimes he has to be away on Sunday. You see I get awfully lonesome, so I am going to ask a favor from those who can spare reading matter, papers, novels, books, anything to help pass these long days. Also will not some of the dear sisters send me some quilt pieces of any kind or size?

With prices as high as they are and only one dollar and thirty cents per day, I have no money for papers, books or pieces.

How many sisters do weaving? I wove two pieces of carpet last spring and my baby small, but this spring I am only going to make thirty yards for myself and a few rugs to sell.

Long life to COMFORT, all of its staff of workers and readers is the wish of your sister.

MRS. PALLIE JONES, Velpen, Ind.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

I have taken COMFORT for a great many years and it has indeed been a help and comfort to me. I have so many true friends through the Sisters' Corner. I often wonder if Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie realize the good they are doing in the world!

I am seventy years old and unable to leave my room in winter, but I have my reading and house plants and the time passes quickly and pleasantly. I have received so much good from COMFORT that I hope I may help someone in return. If any of the sisters would send me a few flower seeds I would be very thankful.

Miss Bailey. We think Rhode Island Reds are the

familiarity, but a rallying of forces in case of distress day or night; neighbors that will protect both your property and good name.

I do, and I think most women greatly enjoy taking their sewing and sitting for an afternoon with one or more neighbors. Let these be hours of real profit to each other, passing along helpful ideas. Lay plans for the betterment of school and church, and make an effort at such gatherings to discover the nearby needy ones, and never gossip for it weakens friendship.

A good neighbor will never try to probe into your affairs should she happen to call and find you apparently distressed, but will tactfully take her departure unless she can engage you in cheerful conversation. One can soon tell.

And last but by no means least, will the good neighbor "drop in" at an hour when she is quite likely to find you trying to do two hours' work in one, and stay until nearly time for "John" and the children to come home to dinner.—Ed.

**It is not alone the convenience, or the freshness, or the crispness, or the unusual food-value, or the digestibility, or the cleanliness, or the price, that has made Uneeda Biscuit the National Soda Cracker.**

**It is the remarkable combination of all of these things.**

**If everyone, everywhere, knew how good they are, everyone, everywhere, would eat them—every day.**

**Sold by grocers in every city and town. Bought by people of all classes.**

**Always 5 cents in the moisture-proof package.**

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

best chickens to raise, as they lay such great big brown eggs. They are fine too, when killed and dressed for market.

Mrs. Rockwell. Did you ever try injections of salt and water for pin worms?

Mrs. Miller and others. Both of these recipes have been tried for bed wetting and found excellent. First, one package of bitter sweet and one quart of water. Dose, one wineglass three times a day. Second, grate small nutmeg and give at intervals through the day.

N. A. Paugh, Ohio. This liniment cured me of neuralgia of the heart after everything else failed: One half ounce oil of wormwood, one half ounce of laudanum, one ounce of gum camphor. Put in eight ounce bottle and fill with alcohol. For external use only.

With all good wishes for COMFORT and its many readers,

MRS. A. BRADSHAW, Jerseyville, Ontario, R. R. 1, Canada.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

I am a widow all alone in the world. I would like to adopt a child anywhere from six months to two years old; preferably a boy.

I will give the child a fine home and education and care for it the same as my own.

Would be pleased to hear from sisters, especially in Florida and California.

MRS. A. TAYLOR, Union, S. C.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:**

Please may I step in a moment to thank you, and all of COMFORT's workers for our Household Number? I cannot express my thanks enough. In all the papers there are so many helpful things, and we are sure to find each month just what we wanted, a recipe, some helpful hint, "or just such a pattern of lace as we need." I am now crocheting lace for my little girl a skirt that I found in COMFORT. I have lots of pretty lace patterns that I would send in if I knew I had any that some sisters would use.

This is my third year of taking COMFORT, and I don't see how I ever kept house without our paper. My husband works in the woolen mill, and my children go to school. I have three; Merle age twelve, Marjorie age nine, and my baby Jasper age six, and they are all mamma's "helpers." As we live a mile from the village they all take their dinner, four dinners to put up each morning! What do you think of that? But our paper helps me solve the problem very often. Times that I have something new for supper, when my happy band comes home you will hear them say: "Mamma's COMFORT came today I know." They all begin to see where mamma finds her extra good things to eat. And it seems to me it depends a good deal on the wife to keep the cost of living as low as she can these hard times when everything is so high.

Perhaps some of you are wondering who has entered now. Well, in years I must be classed with the young housekeeper, but by experience ought to be called a grandmother.

# Caught in the Act

## Can He Ever Forgive Her?

By Stella McAllister Slack

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**S**TATHMORE doffed his hat and bowed profoundly.

"Jove!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Jove, what a raving beauty! Now where could I have met her?"

He paused a moment in his walk to gaze after the tall girl in the blue cloth gown and plumed hat who was leading a door-mat dog by a leash, and who had bowed to him as she hurried past.

"It's odd," he muttered to himself; "deuced odd. But there's a mistake somewhere—I never could have met that girl and then forget that I'd ever seen her, oh, no!"

The man resumed his slow pace, switching absently with his stick at the blossoms bordering the walk, his eyes on the figure of the tall girl now some distance beyond. In another moment she had turned to the right, following a path that led past some tall shrubs, and then was lost to view.

"She hesitated a moment before she bowed," ruminated he, worrying the upturned ends of his short mustache; "and I could swear there were tears on her lashes."

He quickened his steps involuntarily, but at that moment a little white dog, with dragging leash, came tearing madly along the walk and ran straight between the man's feet. In another moment there was a general mix-up, dog, man and leash being in one tangle.

"The Devil!" exclaimed Strathmore, lifting his stick menacingly as the tiny animal, extricating himself with an effort, rolled over and over, yelping in alarm. But suddenly Strathmore lowered the cane. He had recognized the little dog.

A few moments later he had rounded the shrubbery, and was advancing toward the girl, who was now sitting idly on a park bench, chin on palm, her eyes resting dreamily on the sunset clouds.

Strathmore doffed his hat again, and approaching nearer, said in his best manner:

"Pardon me, but your dog was running away—I am returning him to you."

The girl betrayed no surprise. Neither did she turn her head or glance toward the speaker, but as her pet sprang to her lap, wiggling all over in delight, she reached out a long, slender hand, and the man placed the leash therein. Then she spoke, a vivid blush creeping up from beneath the high collar of her blouse, slowly covering her face, and losing itself in the bright ripples of waving hair on her forehead.

"Thank you—Ben!" she said very softly. Still her eyes were averted. She patted the little dog fondly. Taking the tiny head between her palms, she said in a low sweet voice that trembled: "You are very naughty, Pete! Where have you been? I had not even missed you."

Then, with an impulsive movement, she turned suddenly toward the silent man standing before her, and looked him full in the face.

"Ben!" she entreated, flinging out both hands toward him. "Oh, Ben!" It was a cry of sorrow, of longing and deep pain. But before the astonished Strathmore could find his voice, she gave a great start, and leaning forward gazed at him intently.

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

"I am Ben!" the man replied; folding his arms and smiling back confidently.

"But not—not my Ben!" she whispered, hope and doubt struggling together in her expressive face.

"Yours to command," replied he, with a bow.

Still she leaned forward, regarding him intently with brown, velvety eyes in which lay a great sorrow. Her lips, berry red, were parted and trembling, and the color came and stood in her cheeks, a red flag of distress.

"You have his eyes, his face, his form—yes, his voice; but you are not—Ben!" she again informed him, somewhat tremulously.

"Indeed, but you are mistaken," the man persisted, advancing a step nearer, and smiling down reassuringly; "I am Ben!"

"Then why, why were you so cruel?" she whispered.

"Forgive me! I did not intend being cruel, indeed I did not," he exclaimed penitently. The earnest tones of the man's voice did not betray the fact that he was speaking at random, not knowing or caring to what this mysterious adventure might lead.

"But you were cruel," she moaned, wide, dark eyes still searching his face; "and see how thin I've grown—" stripping the glove from a slender hand—"you remember my mother's little ring? It will hardly stay on now."

Strathmore bent nearer as the white hand was extended. She gave it a tiny shake, and the ring, a thin, worn band that had been her mother's wedding ring, slipped from her finger and rolled at the man's feet.

As he stooped to recover it, the door-mat dog sprang to the ground, sniffing at the stranger's legs cautiously. Suddenly he sprawled himself on the ground, wiggling around on his back, and waved his paws in the air.

"Ah," said Strathmore in a satisfied tone, "Pete knows me, he knows that I am Ben!"

The girl's eyes had not left his face for an instant. He pulled off his own gloves, stuffing them carelessly in a coat pocket, and stood looking at the ring as it lay in his big palm. "To what might this mysterious affair be leading?" was his thought. "Anything," he vowed eagerly within himself, "to divert his mind from its own bitterness."

"I do not know why I have doubted you," the girl went on more confidently; "but you have changed, Ben—" she lingered over the name speaking it caressingly—"in some subtle way that I do not quite understand. But, come, she should become warm friends."

They drew nearer, feeling for some reason that a tie had been formed. The girl lifted her little Pete to her knees, and as her hand caressed his silky coat, she went on in her simple, direct way:

"It is very strange, sitting here, telling these terribly intimate things to a man I never saw until an hour ago, is it not? But somehow it seems quite right and proper, don't you think so?"

She lifted her eyes, as clear and trustful as a child's, to his, and read in his face, clear-cut and strong, that she might trust him with whatsoever of her little tragedy that she would.

"It's all right," he assured her, gravely. "I feel that we may trust each other."

"Then," she said, "tell me this, Mr. Strathmore, do you know Benjamin Kent?"

"No; I have not that pleasure. I am a comparative stranger here, and my business has kept me so closely confined since I returned to the city this spring that I have neglected even my clubs."

Strathmore knew young Kent by reputation, however. He knew him to be a handsome, reckless young fellow who was the despair of his parents and the idol of all women.

Miss Brainard averted her eyes, and the warm color came creeping back to her cheeks.

"We—I was engaged to him," she confessed with the touch of shyness that was so charming; "but we quarreled. He had always been a particular favorite among the girls of my set. Even after we became engaged he could not cease paying some of them the attentions that should have been mine alone. I never dreamed, however, that there had been or was anything between him and Loraine—"

"Nor I!" interrupted a curt voice.

"—and even though he hurt me many, many times, I cared—so much, that I always forgave him—until that night in April! We were at a garden party at the Fleetwoods."

Again the man beside her gave a start of amazement, but Leslie, full of her own story, did not heed.

"There was dancing, and the usual Fleetwood

crush. I soon tired of it, and my partner sug-

gested that we stroll down to the lake where there was moonlight canoeing. In passing a summer-house I heard a familiar laugh. It was very low, but I—I recognized it, and glancing through a parting in the vines, I saw in the moonlight—I saw my fiance, from whom I had not been parted a half hour, with—with Loraine in his arms!"

The girl broke off with a shudder of pain, and buried her face in her hands.

Pete, who had been dozing in her lap, dislodged by the quick movement, fell to the ground, and ran off yelping in dismay. The indignant protest recalled Leslie to herself. She raised her head and sat very straight, her face pale and determined.

"I neither spoke nor made a sign," she went on, not glancing at the mask-like face of the man beside her. "I fancy I behaved quite well under the circumstances, for I am sure my escort did not suspect that anything had—had happened. I excused myself as soon as I could, and returned home. I wrote him—Mr. Kent—that night, returning his ring.

"He came the next morning—early, immediately on receiving it; but I could not bring myself to see him. He called several times, and wrote me, beside, that he could explain; but I knew, I felt after all that had happened—and then this last dreadful thing—that we could never be happy together. I refused to see him, and returned the last of his letters unanswered."

Leslie paused, her head held high, her mouth very firm; but nevertheless, she lifted her hand to brush something wet and glistening from her long lashes.

"I realize," she continued, with eyes averted, "that I am very weak, very foolish, but though I have been brave until now, I could not forget that today is the fifth of June; and you looked so kind and strong that I just—just told you!"

Strathmore leaned suddenly nearer and placed a gentle hand on the girl's arm.

"Poor girl," he said; "poor, brave little girl!" His voice was full of reverence as he continued: "I am deeply honored by your confidence, and to show you how keenly I appreciate your trust in me, I am going to tell you a little story of my own."

He paused a moment. Reserved, taciturn, of great natural dignity, it was no easy thing to lay bare his heart and speak of the pain that had been corroding his life, imbibing his spirit, and robbing him of his faith in womanhood for the past two months. It was with a visible effort that he continued:

"You and I have much in common, I find, Miss Brainard. Fate must have brought us together

a calm force that robbed him of his last doubt. Before she had finished speaking, Strathmore was on his feet.

"Where is she, do you know? Has she returned to the city?" he asked in one breath.

Swayed by his desire to make quick reparation, and blinded by his deep remorse, Strathmore was forgetful for a moment of the part Leslie had played in opening the eyes of his understanding. For one overpowering instant his only thought was for her whom he had misjudged and wronged so deeply; his only desire to reach her side wherever she might be. The same impulse that carried him to his feet swept him again toward Leslie for further enlightenment; but as his eyes fell on the drooping head, the wistful, full-lipped mouth, it rushed over him the great thing she had done. Instantly he was bending over her, every spring of tenderness and manliness in his being touched with gratitude.

But the quick, low words that came pouring from the man's heart fell unheeded on the girl's ears; for with the swift knowledge that Loraine was blameless in the terrible matter, came the sick realization that her one-time lover was not! Whatever the cause of his action, mistaken identity it could not have been, for she and Loraine were as unlike as sunlight and shadow.

Pete dragging his long leash, had been soothing his offended dignity by chasing the chipmunks and English sparrows, when suddenly he emitted a series of small growls and barks, and dashing around the evergreen shrubs, his growls changed to joyful yelps of delight. Strathmore and his companion turned quickly, and at the same moment beheld the man and the girl who, absorbed in each other, were advancing slowly toward them.

Strathmore gave a low exclamation and sprang forward. He brushed young Mr. Benjamin Kent aside like a troublesome insect.

"Loraine!" he cried, "Loraine!" It was a cry of penitence, entreaty and passionate longing, and she, the slender, true-hearted girl of old, stood waiting with hands outstretched, as he came again to claim his own.

They were in a deserted corner of the park, and there was no one to spy upon the united lovers save two old chipmunks, sitting on the high branches of a chestnut-tree, chattering and scolding at the intruders, and little wooly Pete, who was fawning and sporting around his old friend.

The order for the adjustment of quarrels was reversed: reconciliation first, explanations afterward.

Leslie, however, asked for no explanations. The man she loved had come to her, and he loved her still. That was sufficient. The look that leaped into his eyes when he first beheld her sitting there pale and listless, had wiped out all the pain and the bitterness of the past two months. In her consuming joy she assumed the role of the penitent. Instead of forgiving, it was she who was begging to be forgiven, she who had doubted him.

Young Kent, however, knew that a public explanation from him was due all parties concerned. As soon as he could gain the undivided attention of all present, he braced himself and commenced.

"It was this way," he said, looking red and uncomfortable. "A lot of the fellows had seen you, Mr. Strathmore—by the way, we haven't been introduced, but never mind that now—they had seen you, and we looked so confoundedly alike, that—that—" he paused, flushing all over his fair face, and then stumbled on:

"You hadn't been here long, and the fact that I had a double hadn't got noised abroad much, so when the fellows saw you at that garden party they thought it would be a good joke to see if they could mix us up with the—er—the ladies, you know. We watched our chance, and when you left the summer house, I waited a moment and then slipped in and took your place by Miss Loraine's side, and, by Jove, she never knew it!"

"I really intended staying but a moment. I didn't mean to get caught, but I swear I forgot how time was flying, and I went too—far!"

Loraine blushed scarlet at the recollection, and Benjamin Junior, stumbled on hot-eared and unhappy.

"I give you my word of honor that I meant no harm, only a little fun; but it was more interesting than I had counted on, playing at being another man—as it was also, I soon learned, quite unpardonable. Before I knew it, there stood Strathmore! When I saw his face, then Miss Loraine's, I realized what I'd done; but it was too late. The wrap he had brought had fallen at our feet, he had disappeared as suddenly as he came, and I was trying to right myself with Miss Loraine. I told her I would find him and explain; but she—who also had seen his face, forbade me, peremptorily. He had passed judgment on her, had departed, giving her no quarter. It was for him to return if he wished for explanations \* \* \* \* \* That's the truth of the whole matter, and now you can hand it into me good and sufficient, all three of you; but, by Heaven, I reckon it's been as rough on me as on any of you!"

He jammed his hands in his coat pockets and tried to look defiant; but his attempted bravado only ended in a sheepish blush.

"Well, why don't you begin?" he exclaimed almost before any of his listeners could make reply.

"We aren't going to begin," said Loraine, softly.

"No," said Leslie who had risen and was standing by the young man's side; "we are not going to begin because it was all my fault in not allowing you to explain to me."

"Jove, but I ought to have made you listen to me. If I'd been half a man, I would have; but after that third attempt I was angry. I packed my comb and tooth-brush and left the city. I only returned today, and I went straight to Miss Loraine to see if she would help me patch the matter up."

"Well, it looks to me," broke in Strathmore, who had been waiting impatiently for his turn, "it looks to me as though most of the blame should rest on my shoulders. I judged too quickly. A man who will not give a girl an opportunity to explain a—a situation, deserves to be—"

"No, no," interrupted Loraine softly, "appearances were dreadfully against me, and it was my fault—" turning to the other girl—"in not coming to you, Leslie dear, and telling you what I knew, but I was so—hurt!"

"Well, I think we are all to blame, everyone of us!" said Leslie, making a quick dab at her wet lashes.

"Yes," remarked Benjamin, junior, so soberly that they all laughed, "I think we were four of a kind, if you will allow me to say so."

"And now," said Loraine, with a happy tremor in her voice, "we can all forgive each other."

Pete, sporting about and nosing the ground, attracted Strathmore's attention by his noisy play. The man bent suddenly and picked up something that the little dog had been worrying. As he straightened and stood looking at the object in his palm, a smile broke over the fine gravity of his countenance. Glancing from Leslie to young Kent, he extended his hand.

"Here, Kent," said he, "I will allow you to return this piece of property to its owner."

It was the little ring that had slipped from Leslie's finger.

As Kent held out his hand wonderingly to receive the plain gold band that suggested vows and solemn rites, wedding marches and bridal processions, they could never explain how it happened, but the same mad thought seemed to leap from one man-brain to the other. They stood gazing at each other, startled, eager, not daring to hope. Simultaneously their eyes flew to the two girl friends now standing side by side.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)



"THROUGH A PARTING IN THE VINES I SAW MY FIANCÉ IN THE SUMMER HOUSE WITH LORAINE IN HIS ARMS."



## COMFORT'S LEAGUE

## OF COUSINS

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.

To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To love our country and protect its flag.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittances to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

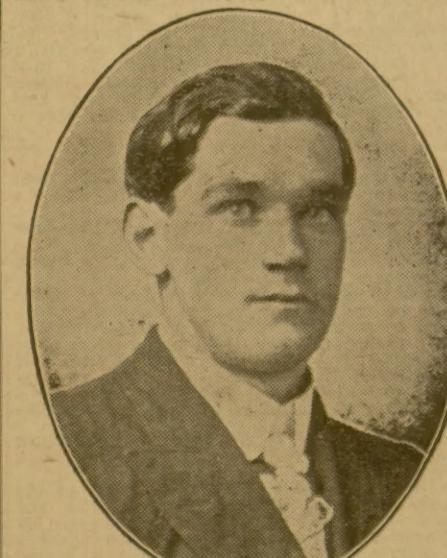
**H**OP UP ON to my lap, and I will tell you an amazing story. One that makes the Arabian Nights' yarns sound dull and commonplace in comparison. Once there was a brave sailor who pushed the nose of his vessel into the unknown seas, and discovered a vast continent known as the New World, and the brave spirits of the Old World flocked to the new land of promise, and mightily did the new land increase in population and wealth. It threw off the yoke of a foreign king and wrote a declaration of independence, setting forth that all men were created equal and were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness. And it came to pass after many years of great development and prosperity, that sundry unscrupulous

men are planning, as election nears, to do all over again what you have done ever since you first cast a vote, and that is to put men into office whose one and only object is to perpetuate the conditions which have made life intolerable for you, conditions which allow wealthy rascals to escape the lash of justice, and send the petty criminal to prison for the balance of his life. Take the story I have told you to heart and profit by it.

Just one word of advice to all of you who are thinking of flocking to the cities in search of employment: Stay right where you are. It is estimated that there are half a million men out of work in the city of New York. The number of unemployed is proportionately great in other large cities. Don't rush off to California with the idea that things are better there for they are not. If you don't believe me, note this: "San Diego, Cal. This city has barred the unemployed today. A camp has been established outside Sorrento, to which men seeking employment are conducted. Most of the unemployed are from the East, brought here by land and railroad exploiters. The men arrive without means expecting to obtain work. There is no work, and they are driven from one town to another. Fifty were driven out of San Diego Saturday night, and took refuge in the camp. The city furnishes coffee and bread, but the men are expected to make the camp only a temporary abode." Remember there are a million immigrants arriving in this country yearly, and most of them land in New York, and if you bring your labor to New York you have to compete with people whose need is desperate, and who are willing to work for almost anything. When I tell you there are more people landing on these shores annually, looking for employment, than there are children born here, you will get some vague idea of what this mighty human influx means. The way labor is herded in San Diego and the men are driven by force of necessity from pillar to post in search of work, shows how hard is the lot of the toiler. When he has the opportunity to sell his labor, he gets little for it, and when he can't sell his labor he must go out and hunt for work, and when he is on the hunt he is dubbed a hobo, and if he doesn't hunt he starves to death! The only way to be happy in the U. S. is to be a millionaire, and if you do get too bold in grabbing people's money and land in jail, you have only got to get a pain in your big toe and you will be let out. The government should take up the whole matter of the unemployed. Land and labor are the only things necessary to create wealth. Every man who wants to work should be given the opportunity to work. Those who wish to get to the land should be put on the land, and should be financially aided until they can aid themselves. This is what is done in New Zealand, and the government has never lost a dollar by aiding and trusting the people. Here we ignore the unemployed, and as naturally as night follows day, hunger follows unemployment, and as no man is going to starve if he can help it, hunger forces men to crime. The unemployed should be given an opportunity to become useful producing citizens. Here in what should be a working man's country we force the unemployed to become criminals or tramps. Oh, I tell you we are a wonderfully smart people—I don't think.

A subscriber writes: "Uncle Charlie's Poems would make a graven image laugh," and so they would. If you have any doubts upon this question, get up a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure for yourself absolutely free of cost a copy of the funniest funny book ever published, one hundred and sixty pages of screaming fun, exquisitely bound in lilac silk cloth, yours free for an hour's easy work.

June time is love time, and the best love songs you can find are in Uncle Charlie's song book, which contains twenty-eight of the dreamiest,



COUSIN FRANK S. HART, HAINES ST., PITTVILLE STATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

loveliest, funniest and best songs ever written, complete music for voice and piano. Get up a club of two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and this superb song folio, worth five dollars, is yours free of cost. A club of six secures both these gorgeous books. Work for them today.

League members who lose their club buttons can secure new ones for five cents. When applying for duplicate buttons give your league number.

Now for the letters:

SULPHUR, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND PALEFACE COUSINS: After a long absence here comes your Chickasaw cousin again trailing into your midst with three big warwhoops for COMFORT for being all the time a better magazine; three warwhoops for Uncle Charlie, too, for being all the time such a heap jolly fellow, and a dozen warwhoops for his able, instructive and progressive conduct of COMFORT's League of Cousins.

In his exposures of governmental graft and the graft tactics common to the selfish, non-progressives of every tribe and nation, Uncle Charlie is superb. He is superb, I think. Don't you, paleface cousins?

In arousing, instructing and advising us—in leading us and urging us to progress along the trails of government, and in pointing us to progress, vital to our interests as individuals, along other trails of human thought and effort—the words of our great paleface Chief, Uncle Charlie, are clear and ringing for the right, and for humanity's right to progress along all trails. They remind me of the words of my own great Chief Douglas H. Johnston, the present ruling Chief of the Prout Chickasaws, when stirred to oratory while instructing and advising his tribe as to our future course and conduct, now that we have become citizens of the United States, and now that our tribal government is passing away. (Our tribal government, and the tribal governments of the other of the Five Civilized Tribes, will probably pass finally away by an act of the present congress.)

We Indians are to the front in this awakening—in this great world-wide forward movement along all trails. In giving up our Indian language and ways and adopting the language and ways of the paleface, we cast forever behind us the prejudices and customs which held us so long a primitive people. In our transition from the civilization of the Red Man to that of the Caucasian, we acquired but few if any of the prejudices of the paleface. We are therefore free to progress. The fakes and false teachings of the selfish, non-progressives in the new civilization which we have adopted—fakes and false teachings designed and calculated to thwart, hinder and retard progress along the trails of human thought and effort—are as abhorrent and repulsive to the cultivated Indian mind as are the fakes and false teachings of our old-time medicine men.

These, too, were grafters, these old-time medicine men of ours. Grafting in the name of religion, medicine and politics, they officially assumed the right, claiming it as a gift from the great spirit, to physic us with their herb concoctions when we were sick; and the right to thrust upon us, in a ministerial way, their own interpretations of the Great Spirit and his happy hunting grounds when we were sorrowing or dying. Knowing that if our tribe progressed the people would come to disbelieve their teachings and to discredit their medicines, and that they would lose their mystery, power and Indian ease and luxury, they planted themselves in every trail leading to progress—sterling and viciously fought against every step forward. They thrust keen and cutting ridicule upon all opposing individuals and forces, threatening them with dire calamities in this world and with tortures in the next.

This bogey of ridicule, of threatened disaster, panic and torture, is as old as the tribes of men, and is not confined to anyone race. In older times it was the chief source of the power employed by ambitious grafters in religion and politics to acquire authority and to maintain their power and rule over the people. And even yet, in this day of boasted high civilizations, this same old barbarous bogey is being used just as barbarously in efforts to keep the masses down and credulous, and the subjected to the teachings and will of those who would rule them and extract high tribute from them. Though this barbarous old bogey is still being used in the same old barbarous manner, it is losing much of its magic. Around this beautiful planet of ours there are many bright spots where the people are in the saddle and riding over and riding down those who would block the trails of progress. Casting your eye down around to Oklahoma's position on our planet, you will find her the brightest of these bright spots. Here the people are pretty well in the saddle. With ease they ride over and ride down the stubborn non-progressives who were blocking our trail to statehood. But we have a few non-progressives who escaped in that riding that are yet to be looked after. A few politicians and others who have initiated a bill for the discontinuance of a number of our great educational institutions in the name of economy! Just think of it, a bill to discontinue a state's educational institutions in the name of economy! And that too in an age when people are given to boasting of their civilization, and just after Oklahoma has built and equipped a modern school system that is the especial pride of her people and the envy of other states! But Oklahoma's warriors of progress will ride over and ride down these "economists" on the day of election! Our warriors of progress will cause them to disappear like Chief Crazysnake, head of the non-progressive element of the Creek tribe, and, like Chief Crazysnake, they will never be heard of again, especially in Oklahoma politics.

Leading the Indian and pointing the paleface to progress along all trails, particularly along the trails leading to progressive government, is our handsome Indian Congressman, Charles D. Carter, Chickasaw; and our great Indian United States Senator, Robert L. Owen, Cherokee. You have read of them and of their work for progressive legislation in Congress. Both are for woman suffrage, Senator Owen being decidedly active in his efforts to have the power of the ballot given to women. And Great Chiefs, what a cleaning up there will be when woman's right to vote is no longer withheld from her! Then the uplift will be so great that no one will oppose progress from pure ignorance as many do now. And then those who know better, but who for selfish purposes, teach, preach, legislate and lobby against progress, will either join the progressives, as did a large number in my own tribe who at first opposed all our movements forward, or will ride away to lonely spots, as did our medicine men, and live as hermits, grieving their lives away because their schemes by which they formerly won honors, official power and opulence, can no longer be made to work.

If Uncle Charlie and you Yankees cousins living away up in the cold and bleak north could see our wigwam today, and see how pretty and green everything is around it, you certainly would envy me. Our Alfalfa is nearly ready for the first cutting, and my Indian ponies, grazing upon it, have become so pretty and fat and gay that it's really dangerous for me to ride them. When I whistle them up for a gallop over the country, or to town or to the medicine spring down in the Platt National Park where so many people from the far North spend their winter outings, they pitch and chew and champ their bits like Texas bronchos. What a joy it is to ride them! And they are such splendid comrades as well as pets and saddle ponies.

Wishing all lovers of COMFORT good luck, I am,

Yours Chickasaw girl.

OLETA LITTLEHEART.

Oleta, your letter has delighted me immensely, and made glad the cockles of my heart. I hope every word that you have written—you whose ancestors were but yesterday, the wild, fierce warriors of the plains—will sink deep into the hearts of everyone of our readers, and especially put to shame those white-faced Indians, those dyed in the wool, non-progressive partisans, still under the spell of the paleface medicine man, who, as election nears is mixing his poisonous political potions, muttering his old-time, worn, bewhiskered incantations, doing his familiar ghost dance, threatening, bribing, cajoling and pow-wowling to the white-faced Crazysnakes, who are too mutton headed, dull and unimaginative, too blinded by the poison of party fetish to see through the game of con, deception and humbug that the white-faced medicine man is doping out to them. This is an age of change and revolt against intolerable conditions. All over the world the leaven of democracy is seething and working with glorious results, and the medicine men of all nations are gradually being stripped of power, deprived of privilege, and made to understand that the earth and the fatness thereof is the inheritance of all men, and not the privileged possession of a few. The sovereign will of the people and not the mandates of czar, kaiser, king, senator, judge or medicine man, is to be alone respected and obeyed. Barbaric Russia has her Douma, Portugal and China their republics, Turkey and Persia constitutions, and here right at home, in a few years the Indian has discarded war paint, feathers and tomahawk, and is calling to his pale-faced brother to boot and saddle and ride with him along the trails of progress to the smiling heights of peace, prosperity and human brotherhood. Now all you pale face non-progressives, all you medicine men worshippers, all you disciples of stand-pat Crazysnake chiefs, quit smearing your faces with the paint of political deception. Discard your reactionary feathers. Lay away forever the tomahawk, which the crafty medicine man has made you use to fight his battles. Shed the leaden moccasins that hold you to the soil of ignorance, greed, graft, corruption and other primitive instincts of the paleface savage. You have a glorious country. God gave it to you, but you have made poor use of it, and your red skin brother, who but yesterday you scorned as a savage is beginning to outstrip you in the race



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for higher things. In this race you had a start of a thousand years, and yet the Indian who but yesterday donned the garb of civilization, is beginning to outstrip many of you in thought and one respect. The Indian had the advantage over you in one respect. His medicine man wore the garb of his trade and practiced his profession openly. Our medicine men are more subtle in their methods. They do not paint their faces nor upholster themselves with feathers, and they do not swat you over the head with a tomahawk. They would scorn the crude and barbarous methods of the Indian medicine man, but remember they are medicine men just the same, and where the Indian imposed on comparatively a few, the paleface medicine man counts his victims by the millions. His wigwam is not a bunch of dried skins and poles on the prairie, but a towering sky-scraper in Wall Street. He fights, not with a tomahawk, but with a check book, and his check book is more powerful than all the tomahawks and scalping knives of all the savage tribes that ever lived. The big medicine men in Wall Street control the little medicine men in Congress, the political machines and the party bosses, the state legislatures and too often the courts, for it is they who instruct the political boss as to what judge they wish appointed. The big medicine man has tens of thousands of little medicine men all carrying out his orders, and all working to make the big medicine man richer and more powerful, and the masses more hopeless and more helpless. Now, my dear friends that the Indian has got wise to his medicine men, it is time you got wise to yours, for as long as the big medicine man, and his army of satellites runs your government and exploits you, your condition will be a hopeless one. I recently told you to ask yourself this question: "Am I a squirrel or am I a nut?" Now ask yourself another question: "Am I a victim of the medicine man, am I swallowing his political potions, hypnotized by his incantations, and out of my scanty wages paying tribute, and helping to perpetuate his reign of graft and plunder?" Those are the questions you have to answer, and the sooner you answer them correctly and rid yourself of the white medicine man who exploits you, the sooner life will be worth living for you and those dear to you. I hope all COMFORT's women folks will note what Oleta Littleheart has to say about woman suffrage. Even the women in China are to have the right of suffrage, and the women in many other lands have it already, and here we have the Indian women demanding it. I have not the space to give you a talk on woman suffrage, and as a matter of fact it is not necessary because the movement is so far advanced now that no power on earth can stop it and the people who try to stop it are only making themselves ridiculous. Shame on a nation that lags behind China in doing justice to women, the mothers of the race. Shame on those who would deprive women of the right to protect themselves and their children from man-made laws which are too often drafted to exploit them. I have warned the men against the medicine man who exploits them, now let me warn the women against the medicine man who is poisoning their minds and trying to prejudice them against a reform which will give them the power to protect themselves and their children

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 124)

## Start a Band



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# In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the stable, where she carens for her pony, Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter. The Ryall land is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate and his cousin, Elliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. He is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entangled in an adventure and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Elliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself. Selwyn Ferrand meets a man shambling along, who admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripley meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilley and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Elliot Graham appears and she confides in him and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora is horrified. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and the groom. Nora denies it is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have referred to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlash.

Mr. Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph, who invites them to dinner next day. It was one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to before, and after a glass or two of wine her tongue becomes unloosened. Sir Joseph is attentive and Mrs. Ryall is satisfied.

Entering Porlash Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the gait of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Elliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Elliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household, Mr. Trunton, the Newsworthy lawyer calls, that evening she tells Jacob he must go to town tomorrow. Describing the plan to Nora he inquires to go and the next morning sails over with Captain Marks. Reaching a small farmhouse she passes to Mr. Hodges a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shuffler who receives the notice with the same amount of interest. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She attempts to call to him, when she sees a second figure. She sinks to the ground, then rising flees to the farthest part of the island.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

He told her about his meeting with Wedderburn, and the reason of his coming to the reception. "You must come and see me," she said. "I am staying with my father in Jermyn street. On, there he is!"

She beckoned him with her fan, and introduced him. He was an elderly young man, with a bald head, and prominent eyes. "I am trying to persuade Mr. Graham to come in to tea tomorrow afternoon," she said.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Terence. "Unfortunately I shall be away, but you must come and dine with us, Mr. Graham. Come, come, we can't make a refusal," he added gushingly, for he was quick to read the signs on his daughter's countenance.

"My father's an awfully busy man," explained Florence, after he had moved away. "They say that he's Sir Joseph's right hand. By the way, have you spoken to Sir Joseph yet?"

"No," said Elliot. "I see that my friend is making his way to him."

"Let us see if we can succeed in doing so too," said Florence.

Sir Joseph was welcoming Mr. Wedderburn when they got over. "This is the friend I brought with me," Wedderburn said, "Mr. Graham."

Sir Joseph's eye fell on Elliot, he turned white, and his eyes opened widely. Florence watched him keenly. He recovered himself in an instant, and held out his hand.

"Ah, Elliot! You here! This is quite a surprise—a pleasant one, of course!" As he spoke he looked at Elliot with a covert scrutiny. "You must let us see a great deal of you. Drop in whenever you like—you'll always find a knife and fork."

Elliot thanked him and turned away, unconsciously obeying a slight pressure of Florence's hand. Wedderburn looked after him admiringly.

"Splendid young fellow that, isn't he? Fine man his father!" He sighed. "That trouble killed him. I suppose things have turned out all right again."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Sir Joseph, "at any rate they are on the mend. Elliot's all right; I'm looking after him. By the way, I don't think I'd mention the matter to him; he's rather sensitive about it."

"Certainly not," assented Wedderburn. "I sha'n't speak to him about it."

As they moved about the crowded rooms, Florence laid herself out, as only a clever girl can to amuse and interest Elliot; and she succeeded so well that Elliot promised quite readily to go round to Jermyn street to tea.

He found her alone next afternoon, her father had had to go out, she said. The whole room had an air of genteel shabbiness, but Elliot did not notice that, and he again felt the irresistible charm of Florence's manner. He stayed some time, and as he held her hand—or she held his—he promised to meet her at a dance the following night.

Next morning he received Nora's letter with a joy and relief beyond description. It raised the heavy burden from his heart—but where to find him, that was the question.

After the dance the following night he found himself engaged to go for a drive with Florence next day.

They went into the park and did the usual round. Again he found himself enchanted with her conversation, and was genuinely sorry when the victory turned out of the park into one of the big thoroughfares.

The road was crowded, and the carriage had to pull up. As it did so an old lady and a boy came out of a shop opposite. Nora looked up and saw Elliot. For a second she had no eyes for anyone but him; then she saw the beautifully dressed lady at his side. Her face grew crimson, she caught her breath, and quickly stepped back.

After some hunting, she produced the lady's card. Nora carried it to the light, and read:

Lady Ferrand,  
109 Kensington Palace Gardens.

Nora got up early in the morning, hid her clothes in the bag, and stole unseen out of the hotel. She had breakfast, and a walk, and then came back.

She knocked thrice at Miss Deborah's door, then heard "Come in." Miss Deborah looked up from her book at the tastefully dressed young lady, with evident astonishment.

"Miss Deborah—Miss Ralton?" asked Nora.

"Yes; I am Miss Ralton. Who are you? I seem to know you—and yet, I can't remember."

"I'm Miss Merton," said Nora, "Ada Merton—Cyril's cousin. He sent me to you. I am to take his place while he is away—if you will let me?"

Miss Deborah leaned back and still stared.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed at last, indignantly. "The impudence of that boy! To think of his audacity in sending me a girl! And he knows I don't like them, that I never have anything to do with the hussies."

"I'm not a hussy, I assure you," said Nora, with a smile.

"Yes you are—all girls are hussies! You'd better go back to where you came from. I've no use for girls—can't bear them!"

"I should be afraid to go back," said Nora. "Cyril would be very angry with me. You will find that I shall be very useful—please let me stay with you!"

"I'm sure I don't know what the world is coming to," she remarked, peevishly. "I wish that boy were here; I'd teach him to play his monkey tricks on me!"

"He did it for the best," said Nora gently. "He is very fond of you Miss Deborah; and I am not surprised, for you have been very, very good to him."

"Oh, well, now you are here, I suppose you had better stay—for the day at any rate."

Nora knew that the battle was won. "Thank you very much! Cyril will be so pleased."

Nora was amazed and delighted at the success of her plot. But even this did not make her forget Elliot and Florence Bartley. It was well that the old lady demanded a good deal of attention, and left her little time for thought.

Next morning Nora took Miss Deborah's wardrobe in hand, and persuaded her to come out to do some shopping—she wished to see her dressed as became a lady of her position. In one of the shops Nora left her poring over a book, and went to the mantle department, secure in the belief that

## Kidnapped in the Park

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery

By August Vetterlein

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.

A temporary sojourner in the city of M—, I took an early morning walk in the large public park, and while resting on a bench near the drive partly screened by shrubbery I chanced to be the sole witness of a blood-curdling tragedy. It was about sunrise of a June morning and only the birds and squirrels were supposed to be stirring at that early hour, but an elegantly dressed gentleman of dark, unprepossessing features, accompanied by a pretty, golden-haired girl about three years of age, not noticing me, appeared on the other side of the drive. The man became absorbed in reading a paper while the child played near the drive. A large touring car stopped close to the child and a beautiful young woman jumped out and seized the little girl; the man came to the rescue and the woman shot him down, apparently dead, and then escaped with the child in the automobile. I ran shouting after the automobile in the hope of attracting attention and causing her arrest. With an imploring look she motioned to me to desist. I fell and sprained my ankle severely. After bandaging it I limped back to attend to the corpse, but no trace of the murdered man could I find. Had he been spirited away by friends or had he sufficiently recovered to get away unaided? No one was in sight. I started to report the affair to the police, but I was so fascinated by the extraordinary beauty of the woman and by the imploring look she had given me that I changed my mind, considering that probably mother love had driven her to commit the desperate crime; if alive the man could make his own complaint, and if dead the person that had removed his body could do it. I was consumed with curiosity to learn the names of the parties and the motive for this kidnapping and murder. I expected the papers would be full of it, but to my amazement none of them ever mentioned it and the public never heard of the crime. For some mysterious reason the victim or his friends had kept the secret from the police and seemed not to wish to prosecute the woman. During the three weeks that I was laid up by my sprained ankle I brooded over the mystery until I was a nervous wreck. Awake and asleep the beautiful face of the murderer was continually before me and I seemed under the spell of her enchantment. As I was about to leave town I hunted up Major D—, an old friend and former army comrade of my deceased father, and called on him. I found the Major a delightful old gentleman making the best of life on a very small income. He seemed to idolize his daughter who had been his housekeeper since the death of his wife, and took pride in telling me how previous to her mother's death she had earned good pay as governess in Banker Veltheim's family in the city of B—. He wished me to meet his daughter and regretted that she was not at home. As I was about to take my leave I heard a woman's voice in the adjoining room, and the Major exclaimed, "There she is now!" The door opened and I rose to meet the lady, but I nearly fainted for before me stood the lady of the park tragedy, young, blooming, beautiful, with the light of innocence and happiness in her large, clear eyes. I saw that she noticed my agitation and I felt that she recognized me as the man who had chased her in the park.

CHAPTER II.

WITH perfect self control she suppressed all outward signs of emotion and with admirable grace extended her hand in welcome as her father introduced us. I trembled, and I thought she shuddered as our hands came in contact. The next ten minutes were the most embarrassing of my life, and of what I did and said I have no recollection, but no doubt I behaved awkwardly enough. The strain was too much for me, and excusing myself on the plea of meeting an important engagement I left as soon as decency would permit. The Major gave me a cordial invitation to call again at my earliest convenience, and Alice—I did remember her name—modestly expressed her pleasure at making my acquaintance, her regret at having missed the most of my call, and her hope that I would come again.

It was a long distance to my lodgings, but I walked it to allow myself time to recover from the shock and to collect my scattered thoughts. As my senses returned I began to see the absurdity of my hasty assumption that the Major's quiet daughter was the beautiful criminal of the park mystery. To be sure there was a most striking resemblance; the same in age, figure, hair, eyes, and even in expression, so far as I could judge from the brief time and opportunity I had of observing each; however, it was not only highly improbable but it seemed, the more I thought of it, impossible that they could be one and the same person. Such deceptive resemblances are not infrequent, and could I have had more time to study them or had I been under less excitement on both occasions undoubtedly I might have noticed differences, so convinced was I now that they must be, that they surely were different women. Her apparent recognition of me and the slight shudder which I thought I detected as I took her hand must have been the work of my imagination. This dutiful daughter devoting her life to caring for her doting old father looked and seemed the embodiment of innocence and purity. Indeed it could not be otherwise, as I reasoned and I satisfied myself. And such a beauty! If I had been bewitched by the murderer's charm was now broken and with a clear conscience I could make this girl my idol. I had despised myself for the tender sentiment I had entertained for the fascinating criminal, but I was elated at the discovery that I was now even more deeply in love with her innocent double. Then my spirits fell as I remembered what a fool I had made of myself at our first meeting and considered what a poor impression I must have made on her mind. I determined to call again as soon as possible and try my prettiest to find favor in her eyes; to win her was my heart's desire and became my cherished hope.

With burning impatience I waited a day and then made my second call on the Major. This time Alice opened the door for me, but, strange to say, the instant my gaze fell on her the old doubt arose within me and I was overwhelmed with suspicion, fear, dread that she might be that she was the woman of the park tragedy. I rebelled at the thought and tried to reason to reason down, but the impression was irresistible and all my anticipated joy vanished like a frightened bird.

She seemed oblivious alike of my condition of mind and of its cause, and chatted gayly as though her heart were free and her conscience clear as a child's. It would have been an hour of unalloyed bliss could I have believed that her apparent innocence was not all put on, that she was not acting a part, though indeed acting it most superbly.

Four times I called and each time I passed through the same extraordinary, unaccountable experience. That I was desperately in love with her I knew, and that she was not unfavorable to my attentions I believed, while her good old father encouraged my suit, and I should have been the happiest man on earth but for the unconquerable doubt that her presence invariably inspired. When away from her I fairly worshipped her and at the same time every dictate of reason and common sense told me and I was convinced that she could not possibly be the woman of the park mystery, and yet each time I beheld her and every minute I was in her presence I was possessed with the same dread, yes, more than dread, an overpowering intuition that she actually was the same woman. There is something about personality that you cannot analyze, cannot explain, it can only be felt, and in my inner consciousness in spite of my reason I felt that hers was the same personality that had exerted such a strange influence over me in the park.

The day after my first call I had written my brother in B— about the Major and his charming daughter and asked if he knew the Veltheim family in which she had served as governess for a year or more? A week later I received his reply saying that he was well acquainted with the Veltheims, but that I was mistaken about the young lady having been governess in that family, as they had no children and had never employed a governess.

I was stunned by this information. Here was deception. Why had this girl lied to her father about her whereabouts and her occupation during her year's absence from home? What disgraceful conduct was she covering? What disgrace was she thus hiding from her parents? Evidently the Major knew nothing of her shameful career, and for his peace of mind I hoped the old man might never discover it.

The horrible truth, as I seemed to discover it, the solution of the mystery, flashed through my mind in an instant. Four years ago she had left home and remained away more than a year under false pretense of serving as governess at the Veltheims. The little blonde angel whom she had taken from the black bearded man in the park with the desperate courage of a mother was about three years old. Unquestionably she was the woman; I had always felt it though hoping against hope that I might be mistaken; this explained all; the reason for her act seemed clear and was of such a nature that, so far as I was concerned, it mattered not whether she had killed or only wounded the man. I was done with her now and forever.

So my sense of honor told me, but my poor wounded heart said no—a thousand times no! If this sweet, lovely, modest, refined girl had deceived me there was nothing in life for me, no woman worthy of faith and love.

In agony of mind I passed a sleepless night and the next day I called at the Major's, determined to have a private interview and get the truth from her.

Alice met me at the door, but the sweet smile died on her face as she looked at me.

"Heavens! What is the matter with you?" she exclaimed. "Have you met with an accident?"

"I hardly know how to express myself," I replied, "but I think it is time for me to tell you that I have discovered your secret."

She could not hide the terror that my words produced. She pressed both her hands to her heart and her voice trembled as she asked:

"My secret? Which secret?"

"I know you have never been governess at the Veltheims—do you deny it?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she whispered, "it was a lie. I had to say so, because—"

Without letting her finish I broke in, "I have no right, nor do I care to know your reason, but let me say that I am astonished that you have not recognized in me the fool who followed your automobile in the park one morning and—"

My words had the expected effect. For an instant she covered her face with her hands. Then her arms sank down and I saw in her eyes the same imploring look that had haunted me since the morning of the tragedy in the park. "No, I did not recognize you," she almost sobbed. "But I beg of you with all my heart to keep my secret. Papa would never—never give me for what I did."

I felt as though my heart was dead, but I answered coldly enough, perhaps cruelly:

"Fear nothing from me. Miss D—, I will keep your secret for your father's sake. I leave M— tomorrow. I only called to say good by."

I did not wait for her reply, but I shall never forget the depth of sorrow in her beautiful eyes as I turned to close the door.

Sick at heart I traveled for a while in a vain effort to forget my lost love. Then I plunged into a sea of work, but I could not lift the shadow that had blighted my life. I was becoming morbid. I distrusted all mankind and became a woman-hater. I know not to what depths of despondency my condition of mind might have led but for the cheering influence of the little son of my landlady, a bright seven-year-old boy. Grown people tired me, but his childish innocence soothed me. Children, like animals, instinctively recognize their friends and quickly come to love those that love them, and so a bond of friendship sprang up between us and the little fellow, who called me "uncle," became my companion during leisure hours and accompanied me on my many walks. The only times I forgot my trouble was when I tried to be a child again with Little Eddie.

On one of our walks my little friend paused in front of a vaudeville theater to look at the show bills.

"How I would like to see that show!" he said. "Mamma took me in there once and it was the best show I ever saw."

I could not resist such a plea and so I took him in.

The crowd was uncongenial to me; the clog dancing and the comic songs grated on my nerves; the moving pictures had no interest for me until one that had a familiar look was thrown on the screen. It was the bend in the road in the city park in M— where I had witnessed the tragedy. To my astonishment the black-bearded man and little girl appeared on the scene and I seemed to know just what was going to happen. Sure enough, he seated himself on the bench and began to read his paper while the child played near the drive. Then came the big touring car and in it the beautiful young woman, my lost love, Alice; the car stopped, she jumped out and picked up the little girl; the man interfered, she presented a pistol to his breast, a puff of smoke and the murder was reproduced on the canvas as I had seen it enacted in real life in the park.

Up to this point the audience followed the tragedy with breathless interest. But as the woman made her escape with the child a frantic man broke through the bushes into the road and ran jesterically wildly after the car. His ridiculous antics brought a roar of laughter and round of applause from the spectators, and none round more heartily than I.

"Uncle, that funny man chasing after the automobile looked like you," remarked my little friend. I took his brown curly head between my hands and kissed him, and told him it was time for us to go home as I must catch the night train for M—.

I got a berth on the sleeper and although I rested, sleep came not to my eyes, and the train that was speeding me back to my love, my lost love, seemed to drag on at a snail's pace. "My lost love," I thought, "had I indeed lost her forever? Could I hope to win her again?"

I expected a cool reception by the Major because of my abrupt and unceremonious departure, but would Alice condescend to see or speak to me?

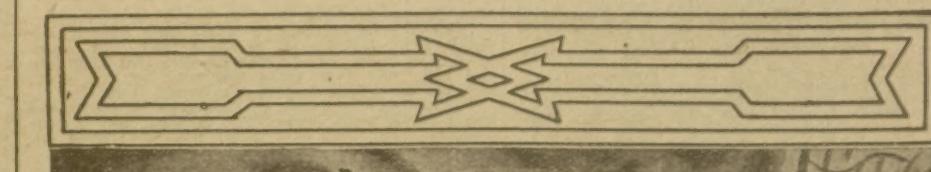
The train arrived early in the morning, and such was my anxiety to know my fate that I hastened to the house before breakfasting.

The maid who opened the door said that the Major had not risen but the young lady would see me. Then Alice came in, confused and blushing, but joy in her eyes that meant hope for me.

Such was my excitement that I could wait no longer, and as I grasped her proffered hand I said:

"Why, Alice—why didn't you tell me that the tragedy in the park was only moving picture acting?"

"Why! Didn't you know that? Did you suppose it was a real crime you had witnessed? Didn't you tell me you knew my secret?"



## Satisfies

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I could not find words to express my shame and humiliation, and I made no effort to excuse my stupid blunder and still more foolish conduct to the girl I had loved and now almost worshipped. Instead of expressing any resentment the dear creature sweetly smiled her forgiveness as she replied:

"If you took that play for reality, what a wretch I must have been in your eyes!"

As she started to explain I protested that

I was satisfied, that it mattered not how she came to be acting the part and that I was unworthy to be told the details of her personal affairs; but she insisted that, as I had been deceived by appearances, I should know all now. "You will remember," she began, "that when you declared you had discovered my secret, I asked you which one. By your reply I understood that you knew both, for I had two secrets (CONTINUED ON PAGE 20).

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
Will the COMFORT sisters step aside, and make room for a girl from the Empire state?

The COMFORT is certainly a grand paper, and people who do not take it are missing a whole lot.

I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday school, and president of the Epworth League. Our motto is "Look up, lift up."

Many crops of onions, celery, cabbage and beets are grown here; also peach orchards.

I was eighteen the 28th of April; am five feet five inches high, have brown hair and eyes, and weigh one hundred and forty-three pounds.

I am the baby and the only one at home to comfort father and mother, but at times it is rather lonesome for me, would love to hear from the sisters.

Do any of the sisters know of a cure for biting finger nails?

Will close, wishing old COMFORT all success, especially in the noble work for the shut-ins.

Your sister,  
MISS AMY F. BROWN, Florida, Box 207, N. Y.

Amy. As you are eighteen years old of course you do not bite your nails, but are asking for someone else.

The cause is usually nervousness, and most prevalent among small children, and to overcome it is a hard battle for both child and mother. Each case must be handled differently, depending on temperament. Never punish.

I knew one little girl of seven years who was cured in this way: Her mother would daily take this little maid on her knee and tell her what an unclean thing she was doing. When the little hands were soiled the mother improved the opportunity to show her what went into her stomach if she kept her nails in her mouth; possibly carrying disease. It was simply an appeal to the child's pride, and months of persistency on the mother's part.

However, the next child will forget all this, although impressed at the time. Quinine is harmless, and if rubbed on the fingers its extreme bitterness will act as a reminder. Sometimes this works together with the appeal for cleanliness.

It must ever be remembered that after the habit is established that these little fingers are sore and uncomfortable; hence a constant desire to relieve the itching which the saliva of the mouth does. So it is all important to keep the hands absolutely clean, the first step in the healing process. Each night, and oftener is better, apply just a little warm mutton tallow, or boiled water to which a little glycerine has been added.

Self-control is the real secret of overcoming nail biting, and this attention to the hands is of great aid to the child.—Ed.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Knowing that you will appreciate any news in regard to my little crippled girl who was stricken with that dread disease, infantile paralysis two years ago. During our short stay at Moclips by the sea, a beautiful summer resort in the state of Washington, Melissa used to enjoy watching the Indians ride on the surf. It was a beautiful sight, those richly ornamented boats, their gay colors flashing in the sunshine as they glided over the waves like phantoms. I can shut my eyes and see my strange little girl laughing and shouting for joy during those fearful storms, the rushing waves tumbling and roaring over the beach. What a change has come over our lives! It seems an awful sad thing when one so young, only eleven years old, to go through life a helpless cripple. Melissa is in Multnomah hospital of this city. The operation was not a success. Every week letters come from COMFORT friends who live in the country, bringing some of the sweet simplicity of country life and cheer, something like a breath from heaven. The sound of my little girl's voice, the tears, the waving of her handkerchief as I leave her at the hospital are the things that try my soul. If I could only shake off the train of reflection that comes to me in my solitude. The love of human companionship can never be so dead in the human heart that the voice of kindness may not call it back to life again. As a rule, there is no duty we so much neglect as that of bringing joy to others. All human beings hope for salvation, but the way to that end is approached by many paths, and all are free to select which they like. What is more cheerful than children at play? When families move to a strange city, the children bustle around and become acquainted, but the mothers wait until people call on them. Often women might often be reformed in the great world if Christian women would do as the little children do, give them a chance to be respectable. I often think when civilization goes all classes to live beyond their income is the cause of many a poor girl falling by the wayside. When one has reached a certain age time seems to go very fast. This is the uncertainty of life.

Friends let me again thank you for your kindness to my little girl. I have four children; two grown up daughters one is married, the second one is a stenographer who does what she can to help us exist. Elliot, our thirteen-year-old boy is very fond of books and attends school. My husband is nearly sixty and his hearing is defective and also his eyesight is poor.

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from life's stormy blast,  
And our eternal home."

Mrs. M. E. OADES, 688 Clinton St., Portland, Oregon.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I see so many inquiries about California, I thought I would tell you something of our dear beloved valley. We are located away down on the very line, our post office is a border town on the line between N. S. and Mexico. Such a lovely village of about twelve hundred inhabitants. This you know is the largest irrigated section in the world. Ten years ago this was nothing but a desert, no water, no vegetation. Most of the valley lies below sea level, some of it on the north is as much as two hundred and sixty-two feet below. We seldom have any rain. Just last week we had the first shower for two years. We do not like to have rain, as it makes the roads so bad.

While I have never traveled a great deal, my husband has been almost all over the American continent, and says this is the best climate he has ever lived in. We never have any snow, but can see it on the mountains around us. It is always dry and warm. We have flowers and vegetables the year round. I now have in my garden, cabbage, onions, beans, lettuce, cauliflower, turnips, radishes, rhubarb, salsify and strawberries. Just think of how the people up North where I was reared are suffering from the cold, while I sit out on our veranda and sew, and the children play barefoot in the sand and pick lovely flowers.

And I must tell you of our "biddies." This is the best place in the world for poultry of all kinds. I just this morning took off a hen with thirteen lovely chicks. I have almost a hundred young ones now. We have such a nice pasture of Alfalfa for them to run in and get bugs and all the green feed they want the year round. From our door we can see acres and acres of beautiful Alfalfa all in bloom now. Such a beautiful sea of waving purple.

This is also a great dairy country. We ship car-

loads of butter and honey and early vegetables from the valley. I see our asparagus is selling in New York for one dollar per bunch, while we get only twenty-five cents for it here, but even at that we make as much as three and four hundred dollars per acre. But must pay the help and all other expense out of that which leaves a neat little balance.

Take two pounds of bayberry bark, one pound of ginger root, and two ounces each of cloves and cayenne pepper, pulverize all, mix well and it is ready. When it is to be served, put one third of a teaspoon of this powder and a teaspoon of sugar into a teacup, fill the cup half full of boiling water, and let it stand until the strength has been drawn from the powder, which only required a few minutes, now fill the cup with hot milk (not boiled) and serve hot. A warm healthy glow spreads from the stomach over the entire system, accompanied by a desire for food instead of liquor. This can be taken several times a day. And will probably be called for as often as that at first.

But the dose should be gradually lessened as the patient becomes stronger and the craving for drink less intense. There is no doubt that anyone who really wants to break himself of the habit of strong drink can do so by means of this tea. This remedy was advised by an old doctor and was sent to a paper by a woman who did not give her name. So I take the pleasure in passing it on. Please try it and let us know if it cures.

How I do wish all the sisters could have as nice a climate to live in. I know they cannot all live here but there is room for many more as this is a new country and mostly large farms of one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty acres. They are beginning to cut them up into smaller tracts and we have several near neighbors now. In the last year people came from cities as far north as Seattle, Oakland and Los Angeles and many from Eastern states. This is the only country to avoid lung trouble, asthma and such like.

With love and best wishes for all, I remain,  
Your loving sister and friend,  
Mrs. J. M. McCord, Calexico, Cal.

## MRS. WILKINSON AND DEAR SISTERS:

I have often thought I would join your happy circle as I enjoy your columns and reap much good from them. And Uncle Charlie, God bless him and keep him from pain; and may he look about him for an Elisha to cast his mantle upon.

We hear so much talk of high class literature and one dollar journals, while there is much that is commendable, yet they have never done one tenth the good our COMFORT has. It is worth one dollar but at that price some would be debared, and as it is, it reaches so many.

I wish to say I think we should be Christians and members of church for as a band we can do more good.

How long would our good sisters who believe one can live a Christian out of the church, live in their state if there were no church in it? They answer at once, not at all, yet if we all were like them, there would be no churches, for I infer they do not think it necessary to attend if not members.

One may live a Christian out of the church (though I doubt it), neither have I ever seen one that did. We should pray often, study our Bibles daily and attend all services of church regardless of weather, even this is not all of a Christian life.

If anyone wants a good spring tonic here is one "tried and true," sarsaparilla, burdock, dandelion, hops, wild cherry tree bark in equal parts boiled down and put in enough pure alcohol to keep.

May the COMFORT live long and happy to continue its good work!

Mrs. CHARLOTTE DAY, 42 York Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

put your name in with the scraps so I will know who sent them. Would also like to hear from the sisters.

An old subscriber and sister.

Mrs. FLOY KINCAID, Long Creek, Grant Co., Oregon.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of your dear paper since a mere child and I do enjoy reading the sisters' letters about different parts of the country and think perhaps some others may enjoy hearing about this country.

I am a farmer's wife. We live on a farm of six hundred and forty acres, or rather four hundred and eighty acres is a homestead. We came here three years ago from South Dakota. We live six miles from Dalton, Cheyenne County, in the southwest corner of the state. Many people imagine all of western Nebraska is sand hills, but this is a mistake. This part of the country has good soil and very productive. We raise potatoes, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and some Alfalfa is being raised the last few seasons. We also raise all kinds of garden truck. Watermelons are common that weigh thirty pounds. I have raised musk melons that would not go inside a four-foot quart pall. We can be very proud too of the water which is just as soft as rain-water. The wells are all drilled and usually average from one hundred and sixty to four hundred feet deep. Everyone has a windmill.

This is also a very healthy climate. I know several who are living here that came to get relief from asthma. Even our doctor moved here for that reason, his wife having asthma. One of our neighbors moved here from Ohio this spring to find relief from asthma.

I have never heard of a contagious disease since we have lived here except whooping cough and measles. A few years ago there was a case of scarlet fever, but it was very light.

Some of this country is nice and level, and in other parts it is rolling. All those living where it is rolling have a section. When we came here we got our four hundred and eighty acres as a homestead, but there are no more homesteads left now. The level land sells from thirty to forty-five dollars per acre, while the rough or rolling land is much cheaper. But there is not very much of it indeed, and what is only sells by the section.

Our place is quite lonesome as we built in the middle of our section. So you see we are off the road and seldom see any travel. We have a country telephone and can talk to all the neighbors, also with town. We keep horses, cows, hogs and chickens, also have four turkey hens and a gobbler. This summer I will make my first attempt at raising turkeys, and would appreciate any helpful hints.

I have four little children six to one year old. I do all my own work including washing and sewing. Also make my husband's shirts. They wear better and I have the pieces to mend with.

Will some sister give a recipe for salting down sweet corn. How many parts corn and what part salt?

With best wishes to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Mrs. LOUIS SIEMER, Dalton, Cheyenne Co., Nebr.

## DEAR SISTERS:

It is with a sad and aching heart I enter the band of sisters, yet I know I will receive the comfort my heart longs for. Typhoid fever entered our once happy home taking my first born, just verging from boyhood to manhood, and another the idol of our home. I know God does all things well, but, oh, how lonely, how sad is my life.

Will some of the sisters who have passed through similar afflictions write me some cheering letters; also send me a few flower seeds in their letters, to help pass the long, lonely, sad days. I will certainly be thankful.

MRS. MARTHA SEFORD, Ulla, N. C.

## DEAR SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

I have for a long time been interested in COMFORT and its work.

We too want to take a little child; would prefer a girl not over four years, but as young as possible. We are both fond of children. When we read Sister Stenson's letter in March COMFORT, oh, how our hearts did ache for that dear baby, but it was too far away for us.

Would like a post-card shower in June. Will be twenty-three years old the 23rd of June, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds, and was married four years last Christmas.

We think dear old COMFORT the best ever. May God bless Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers is the wish of

MRS. MABEL WALLACE, Winona, R. R. 3, Ind.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I feel as if I ought to write a few lines to let you all know how heartily I agree with Mrs. Clara Bond of Albany, Ind., about adopting children.

I think everyone that adopts children and have none of their own should take a little one from some home. What difference does it make about their parents, for with good home training you can control their future.

I never had any babies of my own, but as I dearly love them, I thought I would take one that needed a mother as bad as I need a baby. So I entered an application at the Children's Home in Trenton and got a dear little baby girl sixteen months old, and such a poor baby; she only weighed fifteen pounds and could not even creep. I have only had her a year but I wish you could see her now; she runs everywhere and is just as fat and rosy as she can be and does not look very much like the baby they brought me a year ago.

Now I don't know one thing about my baby and I don't care to know, but this I do know that I would not part with her for anything.

Now sisters, those of you that want to adopt children, take one of these little ones and give it a mother's love and never mind about its parents, for there is no reason why one of these little ones should not turn out just as good as any other. And if some go astray, never talk about them; it does not help them or you any, and I know it has been the means of pushing them farther down. It is easy to say what we would do, but we do not know what we would do if we were in another's place.

I do not think enough can be done to help these little ones and the Children's Homes are always full of babies that need a good home and a mother.

I should advise anyone taking a child to take it as young as they could get, for I think the younger they are the more they get attached to you and to them.

I hope my letter will find its way in print and that it will be the means of some poor baby getting a good home.

Mrs. LILLIAN E. STINSON. I hope that dear baby will find a good home by the time this is in print.

Best of wishes to all,  
MRS. W. E. FERNALD, Vineland, N. J.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Again I come to you after two or three years' silence on my part. This time I am sadly in need of comfort for my poor dear mother passed away on February 5th, and I am very lonely indeed. Some of you may remember us as we had a letter printed in COMFORT two or three different times and made several pen friends thereby, and poor mother was always grieved that she did not keep up the correspondence. She enjoyed the letters much, but her health was so poor it became an effort for her.

Mrs. HATTIE E. ABBOTT, Flushing, Mich. If any of our old friends see this I should be pleased to hear from them as I am all alone when my husband is at work. We have no children. Yesterday I was agreeably surprised to receive a telephone from an old COMFORT friend. She lives at Curtis, three or four hundred miles north of here, but was visiting in the country near by and it seems had not forgotten me, although we had never met personally.

"How wisely God our cup has filled,  
With mingled joy and grief,  
To teach our hearts that mortal things,  
Though bright are only brief."

Yours lovingly

MRS. MABEL ABBOTT PERRY, Flushing, Genesee Co., Box 156, Mich.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have been a reader and dear lover of COMFORT for a long time, and so often thought I would write but today when I read the dear little girl's letter about having rheumatism. It all sounds so nearly like my own sufferings when the pain in my hips and limbs would extend to the ends of my toes, and become so great I would fall to the floor.

A neighbor told me to take oil of wintergreen which I did with the result that it cured me.

These directions must be carefully followed. Take three drops three times a day for two days, and then increase one drop a day until you get to six drops three times a day and continue until cured.

In buying this oil of wintergreen from your druggist, inform him that it is to be used internally, as I believe there are two kinds.

Here is a liniment that is good for rheumatism. Take one half pint of good apple vinegar, one half pint

of turpentine, four tablespoons of coal oil, a big handful of table salt, two tablespoons of hartshorn and two eggs beaten till they begin to foam. Put it all in a quart bottle and shake four or five times in about twenty-four hours and then it is ready for use. It will also be good for the sister with a numb stiff finger and is good for backache or sprains.

When your chickens have roup, mix together two tablespoons of vaseline, one teaspoon of turpentine and two drops of carbolic acid. Grease the nose and throat, and give them a piece as large as a pea three times a day.

Well I can't say too much in praise of dear old COMFORT, and I watch for it as one of the family. It is like a little being named right. It ought to be called "Solid Comfort and Rest" for that is what I get out of it when I am so tired and given out. I just take the baby and COMFORT and I am soon rested.

Well sisters I do so much appreciate your advice about children. I have five living, but on one chilly April night God took our little blossom that was so sweet and bright. How we miss her. My only comfort is in meeting her when called to Heaven.

I want to rear my four boys and one girl properly, and I try to ever be a good example.

It may interest you to



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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**The Early Chicks**

**W**HEN chicks are eight weeks old, they should be separated from their mothers, and the families divided; the young pullets being relegated to colony coops in an orchard or partly shaded meadow, where they will have extensive free range; the cockerels being placed in the semi confinement of yards, as their ultimate fate is the frying pan, which necessitates plump bodies, while free range would only develop frame and muscle.

Our colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in front, and twenty-four inches at the back. They are made of light scantling; the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper; and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are on the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily moved to fresh ground every week, and so kept clean with little trouble, an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside of the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and food hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats, one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box and scratching the grain onto the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five gallon kegs are used, with an automatic escape, which keeps a small pan continually full. Both feed and water are placed under a rough shelter, to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, one pound of white middlings, one pound of old process oil meal and ten pounds of beef scraps, well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn—two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop, at about 4 p. m.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher we buy the screenings by the cart load and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard, where it does not show, but is quite accessible to the chicks.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters.

**The Turkey Hatch**

When Mrs. Turkey hatches, we put her into a brood coop which has the front made of slats, just like the ordinary hen brood coop, but, of course, much larger, and in front of it put a box about nine inches deep and large enough to form a yard for the babies to exercise in. It is, of course, necessary to remove part or the whole of the end of the box which joins the front of the coop, so that the little ones can run in and out. Cover the bottom of the box with coarse sand and put a small drinking fountain in one corner. Thus the babies will have a safe place to play in during the first few days of infancy, when they must be kept dry. After that the box can be removed and the coop moved a few feet every day for the sake of cleanliness.

When Mrs. Turkey's brood hatches, we treat

the first evidence of any looseness of the bowels give boiled rice to eat and rice water or cold tea to drink. Watch newly hatched babies for a few days at feed time, for there is often one or more that needs to be taught how to eat. This is especially so when they are with common hens. But a little patience in crumpling close in front of them and coaxing them to pick it up will overcome the difficulty. After they are eight weeks old we take them and put them into the third yard, which is kept exclusively for young stock.

At night they are driven into the shed, the front of which is always kept covered with wire netting, so that they can be closed in until they get accustomed to roosting. Of course, the perches in this shed are put nearer the ground and are much smaller than those intended for grown birds. About October 1st they are allowed the free range of the farm, and are fed on corn at night and are given all the milk they will drink, to get them into good killing condition before Thanksgiving, when they are all sold off, except perhaps a few extra good ones, which we may keep for stock. The old birds are also allowed free range from October until February, but they are fed in the yards at night, and are shut in so that they don't form any bad wandering habits.

**Feeding the Young Ducks**

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread crumbs, two hard boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one fourth of a pint of corn meal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonsfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye or cabbage just moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day.

Sixth to tenth week: One quart of corn meal, a pint of wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, a pint of beef scraps, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day.

They should be ready to kill the eleventh week.

Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened if you can possibly help it. They are nervous things. No matter what you feed, if they are frightened or made to run daily, they will not fatten. If you go about them gently they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, all follow: hurry them and they will scatter, and good by to them for hours.

The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but, from that on one quart of ground feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk or buttermilk, and feed night and morning. If on a free range this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day. Remember always to have fresh, clean water before them.

When ducks are ten or eleven weeks old they should be in condition for market. Early green ducks should not weigh more than four and one half pounds, while later ducks cannot be too heavy. As a rule early ducks mature very unevenly, making it necessary to sort them over often.

**Correspondence**

**E. McE.**—I have Buff Orpingtons. Water runs from their noses; no swelling of head; eat good. I feed oats, wheat, cracked corn and whole corn at night.

**A.**—The birds have influenza; often the forerunner of roup, if it is not attended to. Influenza is only mildly contagious; still the affected birds should be separated from the general flock. Sry the mouth and throat with equal parts of diogen and water or permanganate of potassium. If you use the permanganate of potassium you can get five or ten cents' worth at the drug-store; dissolve a teaspoonful in a quart of water. To one tablespoonful of the mixture add the same quantity of water, and apply from a syringe or a medicine dropper.

**E. L. F.**—My chickens are dying from looseness of the bowels. They won't eat, and don't care about anything. I have tried giving them lard, but it doesn't seem to do any good. They also have lice, and I have tried doing many things, but they have all failed. Please give me your best thoughts on these two questions.

**A.**—You don't say whether it is old or young chickens that have bowel trouble. If it is little chicks, see that their coop is dry; give them plenty of dry, soft bedding, then take away the regular drinking water and replace with rice water, made by boiling two tablespoonsfuls of rice in a quart of water for twenty-five minutes. Strain, and allow the liquid to grow cold before filling the drinking pans. Lard will do the chickens more harm than good. What are you feeding them? Fine, dry grain is best. For lice, get some naphtha flakes, and dissolve them in kerosene oil. Paint all the seams and cracks of the brood coop with the mixture. Next day give the inside of the coop a thick coat of whitewash. Slake the lime with boiling water, and then with boiling skim-milk, if you can spare it. To every painful of the lime-wash add an ounce of crude carbolic acid. Get some Dalmatian powder and thoroughly dust the hen that are sitting and breeding chicks. Of course, the hen and chickens must be kept out of the coop whilst it is being cleaned. Rub the merest speck of lard or vaseline on each chicken's head and under each wing. Remember, it must be only a touch, because grease opens the pores of the skin, and makes the birds susceptible to cold.

could advise me what to do I would be very thankful. My customers seem to demand large eggs, and the Leghorns lay such small ones. What hens lay large eggs and are good layers, especially in winter? How many hens would I need to rely entirely upon them for support? I am a widow and alone. I am forty-five years old; am entirely without means, and with very little strength, as I have undergone two operations, and one not very long ago. I now do washings for a living, and find that it is too hard for me. I love chickens and have any amount of patience with them, as I thought I would like to try the poultry business for a living. I anxiously await a reply.

**A.**—The hens have a light attack of limberneck, a disease that is usually brought on by eating maggots or putrid meat, a dead rat or some such thing. The best remedy would have been a teaspoonful of sweet oil mixed with half the quantity of oil of turpentine, and an hour later feed on bread which has been soaked in warm milk and squeezed almost dry. Two hundred hens, well housed, and cared for, should mean a comfortable living, but even fifty would be a great help. Leghorns usually lay large eggs, if they are well fed. In planning for winter eggs, remember that the pullets must be hatched in March or April. Late hatched chicks haven't time to develop into layers before cold weather sets in, and unless pullets commence to lay before snow it is difficult to get them started until late in February, when prices are running down. For winter layers, I like White Wyandottes or Rhode Island Reds better than Leghorns. I am sorry that the rules of the magazine prevent my answering letters by mail.

**I. A. C.**—Does it injure the rooster for breeding purposes to have his comb frozen?

**A.**—Not if it was frozen in winter, and you don't use him for breeding purposes until spring. If you were using eggs for incubation at the time the bird was frozen, it might affect the fertility of the eggs.

**C. E. S.**—Will you please answer the following: In what year do you consider a hen the best for breeding; also; a turkey hen, duck or guinea? Would an inclosure of five acres be large enough for twelve breeding turkeys to be kept in the whole year?

**A.**—For the breeding pen I like hens that are about two years old. Turkeys and ducks the same, though I have had very good hatches from eggs laid by birds not a year old, when mated to mature males. Guinea fowl seem just as serviceable the first season. Yes, an inclosure of five acres would be quite big enough for twelve turkeys. If you empty a lot of gravel and broken stone in some corner of your inclosure about twice a year. Turkeys must have lots of sharp gravel, and so when they are kept in an inclosure they should have a good scratching heap.

**W. L. K.**—Will you please tell me through *COMFORT* if chicks hatched in an incubator are good stock to breed from for fancy chicks, and good to keep up good breeding stock?

**A.**—Being hatched in an incubator does not affect the chick's usefulness as breeders, either for fancy or utility stock. What does count is the care and feeding they receive, during the growing period.

**Annie.**—I have never heard of the incubator you ask about, so cannot help you.

**H. A. M.**—I have been a subscriber to *COMFORT* for several years, and read it with interest from cover to cover, and enjoy your poultry talk very much; and now I would like to know what is the matter with my chickens. About four months ago, four of them had their wattles and necks swollen. It looked as though there was water in it, and it came on them so quickly—in less than an hour—and the next day they were all well again. A few days ago I had another hen get that way, but she could not eat anything; but she is all right now. And I have another hen that staggers; it comes on her in spells. She eats hearty, all the time. They have free range and running water. I feed them boiled potato peelings and wheat in the morning, and quite often I give them the potato peelings raw, and in the evening I feed them wheat, and I also cook jack rabbits for them, and sometimes I give it to them raw. I have about thirty-five chickens; they have a good house ten by sixteen feet, and I keep it clean.

**Mrs. R.**—What is the matter with my chickens? They move around and don't feather out as they ought to.

**A.**—Probably the chickens are not getting sufficient animal food. Give them a mash once a day of equal parts of ground oats, ground corn, wheat bran, and animal or beef scraps.

**J. A. R.**—Can you tell me what ails my hens? I have had three die, and cut them open. They sit around a short time before they die, and when chased up will not lame. This one's liver was about four times as large as it should be. Its heart didn't look right—almost white in color. They are one year old. They have laid real well all winter and seem perfectly healthy. They had buckwheat screenings, Kalmi corn and corn with plenty of fresh water.

**A.**—The hen had liver trouble. Buckwheat and corn at the same time are too fattening. Such a heavy diet will make pullets lay well during the early winter, but they soon break down from overfat and usually die of liver trouble. Put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water every third day for two weeks, for the entire flock. It will remove some of the internal fat, and get them back into condition.

**Hartford Reader.**—I always read with interest your poultry column, and have found items of interest there very often. I have just a few hens which have certainly compensated me for my trouble. There is one Brahma hen, four White Rock pullets, and one Barred Rock pullet and one White Rock cockerel. The cockerel and three W. E. and one B. E. pullets are June 1st birds, and one W. E. pullet dated from August 1st. The last mentioned bird has laid forty eggs within the last forty-three days. During the month of March the six birds laid one hundred and thirty-nine eggs. I feed in the morning a dry mash—dry—consisting of ground oats, wheat, corn, meat meal, fish bone and Alfalfa—about ten ounces in all, with hot water to drink. Good clean table scraps during the day, and at night whole corn. They have never stopped laying since they commenced at six months old—the Brahma hen did not commence laying until second week in February. I got seventy eggs in January and ninety-seven in February. Now, what I'm anxious to know is, how long to continue the dry mash in the morning. I feel that I may continue the remainder of the menu the year round, except that I substitute cold water for the hot water, which I have already done. My henhouse is six by nine and seven and one half feet high at peak in center. Large window in south side two feet by three feet containing two panes of glass. One of these panes is removed (the lower one, about eighteen inches from door) and left the opening all the winter—never closed it at all, even in the severest weather. The yard is about fifteen feet by five feet and should be glad to have your advice, or any comments you might have to offer. My stock are perfectly healthy, but there is not much foraging to be done here in the city—hence my question about the dry mash the year round. This is my second year, and I expect to raise some more stock this season—principally White Rocks. About how many birds would my place accommodate and keep healthy? Two hens are sitting now—the first hatch is due the 12th inst., and the second two weeks later—twelve eggs each. If you think so, will get two more hens and set them. Thanking you for your kind attention and looking for your reply in May *COMFORT*.

**P. S.**—I have been watching the reports from the Storrs College (Conn.) egg laying contest with interest, and am pleased to note that my hens (under present menu) compare very favorably—and for quite a few weeks my hens laid as many eggs as the leaders in the contest. I should like to see a reprint of that event in your valuable paper, and am sure others of the sisters would too. If you do publish it, kindly give details as to care and feeding, and how much of each kind of feed.

**A.**—Your letter did not reach me until May *COMFORT* had gone to press, and so it was impossible to answer in that issue. If your birds have not free range, it will be better to continue the dry mash through the year, but instead of corn at night give oats or barley. Also, give them all the green vegetables they will eat. Lawn clippings are good, if they are not more than an inch in length. You could keep about twelve hens profitably in a house six feet by nine feet, but it is not safe to try more than that. You have been very successful this last winter, and probably the birds having plenty of room had a great deal to do with it. I had already arranged with the Conn. Observation Station at Storrs to publish a full account of the

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laying contest, but it will be October or November before it can appear.

**E. L.**—Will you please give through the poultry column of *COMFORT* recipe for keeping eggs fresh through the hot summer months? Eggs are now only ten cents and will not rise in price until fall. When I was a child my mother used to gather her eggs and drop them in a barrel of liquid, thought it was just water, and eggs gathered in April, when sold in December, would be just as fresh as they were gathered.

I will be pleased if you will give me the recipe, or direct me where to write to for it.

**A.**—Probably your mother used brine or lime water in which to preserve her eggs. The more modern and safer preservative is a water glass, or silicate of soda, which can be bought at any drug-store. The method of using is as follows: Put nine quarts of water which have been boiled, into a stone jar or small keg, and when it is cold add one quart of water glass. (It is a milky liquid.) Stir thoroughly.

The eggs to be preserved must be perfectly fresh, and should come from hens which are yarded without any roosters. Wash the eggs in clear, cold water, dry on a clean cloth, and drop carefully, one at a time, into the liquid. Put a piece of wood over the eggs to prevent them from rising out of the liquid, and tie down the jar securely to keep out dust. The crock, or whatever the eggs are packed in, should be kept in the cellar, where the temperature will be even. The eggs will be good till the end of the year, but of course they lose some of their value. The whites become rather watery, and they are liable to crack when boiled in the shell, but they are good for most cooking purposes. Of course, they should not be sold as fresh eggs.

**E. H.**—See answer to **E. L.** above.

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## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

not only in the home but after they leave that home to enter a man-made world filled with traps and pitfalls for the destruction of youth, purity, virtue, honor and innocence. Thank you Oleata, for putting us all wise to the fact that you have gotten rid of your medicine men. In a few years the white people will get rid of theirs, and when that glorious day comes humanity will emerge from the shadows and God's sunshine will illumine the faces of a nation that is no longer a victim to the avarice, greed, selfishness and inhumanity of the privileged few who have, ever through the ages, by the might of dollars, made life a bitter struggle for the many. Oleata, I take this opportunity of paying my respects to Senators Gore and Owen. The latter I regard as one of the greatest men on any country has ever produced. Well may the Indian race be proud of him. Give my regards to him and tell him I admire and love him, and accept a great deal of love for yourself and your progressive people.

ATWOOD, KANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Will you let a little girl of nine come into your chicken coop for a little chat? I am going to school now and our teacher's name is Bertha Vernon. I have one sister and three brothers. We milk four cows in our school there are only ten scholars and I am in the forth grade and my sister is in second grade, she is seven years old. We only have half mile to go to school. We didn't raise very much in garden this year. We raised only some cucumbers and some onions, pumpkins, tomatoes. We planted some potatoes but the bugs got them.

With good wishes to you all. I'd like to see this in printed. Your new niece,

ROSIE MICK.

Rosie, if you ever left the k off your name, you would have an interesting name would you not? Your letter is remarkably well written for a little girl of your tender years, but you have left all the punctuation marks out, with quite some alarming results. For instance you say: "We milk four cows in our school," and then add "there are only ten scholars." I never heard of cows being milked in a school. I always thought that cows were milked in a barnyard. If your school is built to accommodate only ten scholars, and you milk four cows in it, you must be all standing in milk ankle deep or swimming in it. I can't imagine what object they can have in milking cows in a schoolhouse, unless they are giving you an agricultural course, which I believe includes dairy farming. I should imagine it must disturb your thoughts terribly when you are making C-A-T spell dog, to have the process of milking four cows going on around you. It has struck me that possibly the ten scholars in your school are delicate, and that the county has ordered you all to be put on a milk diet. Four cows, however, seem too much for ten scholars. You will all be milk sops if you get away with the amount of milk that four cows can produce. You say this year we raised some cucumbers and some "unions." I am wondering what kind of vegetable a union is. Billy the Goat says he thinks maybe you were raising union suits for winter wear, and if so he would be very glad if you would send him one. Unions is quite an ingenious way of spelling onions, and is all right for a little girl of nine. I don't mind when little girls get all balled up in their spelling and punctuation; it is only when high school girls and girls who are old enough to know better get murdering our language and displaying a lamentable amount of ignorance, that I think it is time to call a halt.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I come to you this fine morning for one word of comfort. It seems to me that my friends have all forsaken me, my heart is almost broken. One year ago I met one of the sweetest boys in all the world. We were to be married Nov. 1911, but his brother came and parted us. Oh, dear Uncle, it seems so awfully hard to give him up. Life looked so bright to me, but now it is so dark. We had planned our honeymoon and looked forward to a bright and happy life, but I am afraid that's one sweet dream that will never come true. I am twenty-two years old and he twenty-eight. He is now gone away. I haven't heard from him. I prayed God to send him to me again. Uncle Charlie do you think that Christian Science could help me? If you do kindly give me their address. I want you to ask God to send him to me again. Now Dear Uncle I must bring my sad message to a close. Next hear from you as soon as possible.

VIOLET.

Violet, I feel awfully sorry for you. Your heart has been sorely wounded. Your pride has had a rude jolt, and no doubt you have been humiliated in the eyes of your friends. All these experiences are enough to make you feel as sore as a boil, and as raw as a piece of freshly cut porterhouse. Though your sufferings have doubtless been intense, please do not regard your condition as hopeless, for it is not. I've been called on to patch up many a broken heart in my time, and have always succeeded in doing the job neatly and efficaciously. I've had about umpteen steeve affairs of my own, and what I don't know about bleeding hearts, busted hopes, fractured dreams and elusive honeymoons, isn't worth knowing. Old Father Time is a merciful healer and in about three months you will have that little heart of yours all cemented over with a plaster of hope, joy and happiness, and the cheap skates who "trun you down" will have vanished from your memory or you will recall him only with indifference and contempt. As a matter of fact you ought not to be grieving over the loss of this tickle clown, but instead you should be congratulating yourself on your lucky escape. The man who would allow a brother to come between himself and the girl he loves, is not a man but a mutt, and you are well rid of such a poltroon. If he had told you he had tired of you, that your blonde or brunette beauty had palled on him, and that he now had a violent crush on an inflammable young thing with red hair and green eyes, I could have forgiven him. Of course you girls are all so beautiful and irresistible, it's mighty hard for a fellow to anchor his affections to one. It's like trying to be content with one plate of ice cream, when you have capacity for two or three hundred. I've a deal of sympathy for the man who buzzes around in the garden of love, extracting the honey from every beautiful flower that comes in his path, ever finding it impossible to permanently take up his abode in the heart of any particular bloom, owing to the fact that other and more distractingly beautiful buds keep looming up before his enraptured vision, because I've done just that very thing myself, and though some of the flowers hung their heads in a dejected way for a moment or two because of my inability to make a definite and lasting selection, still they all quickly recovered their poise and were ready to welcome any other human bee that happened to buzz along immediately after I had made my disappearance. But I have no patience with these cheap invertebrate human jelly fish, these miserable, microscopical human shrimps who allow a brother or a sister or some other unimportant relative, to butt into their love affairs and part them from some good girl whose affections they have won. Such microbes in human form ought to have an automobile trip on a rail garbed in a spring suit of tar plentifully sprinkled with feathers. Violet, you had a lucky escape I congratulate you. You don't need any science. Christian or otherwise to salve your wounded feelings. All you need is a counter irritant to cut this fellow out of your heart and memory. Bury him amongst the cabbages. He'll make excellent fertilizer, and set your cap for the first real man that comes along, only be sure it's a man this time and not a mannikin and monkey like the other fellow.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am a girl of sixteen, sweet and fine, so says my beau. He is a spiritualist and is very much studied up on this subject.

I am fair and have many freckles. My beau is

two years older than I. He claims he can kiss my freckles off if I'll just give myself up and have faith in him. I like his kisses fairly well, but lack faith.

Can you give me advice on such? What too does a boy mean when he closes a letter with: B. B. D. C. U. Y. S. K.? Hoping to see answer in print, I remain,

Yours truly, PUZZLED GIRL.

Puzzled Girl I was going to consign your letter to the waste basket, as I never publish anonymous letters and don't care particularly to answer letters when persons hide their identity under a nom-de-plume. Occasionally, however, people address me on subjects of such extreme delicacy that they naturally shrink from airing their grievances before six millions of people. Lots of wives with drunken and unfaithful husbands write to me for advice, in fact the whole world when it gets into trouble writes to me to get it out, with sublime faith in my ability to solve the heart-racking problems of worried souls. This is exceedingly complimentary and flattering, but it adds a weight of responsibility to my overburdened shoulders that is hard to bear. I am sorry to hear, Puzzled Girl, that your sweetheart is a spiritualist. It is not wise to indulge in spirits. Gin, whiskey, brandy, rum are poisons, and the man who imbibes them is a dangerous man to have around. Billy the Goat says you don't mean the man who imbibes spirits but the man who sees and communicates with spirits. I am sorry your beau is a spiritualist. I am sorry for people who waste their time trying to poke their inquisitive noses through the veil that hides us from the spirit land. People who engage in this kind of business have too much spare time on their hands for their own good. I am intensely practical. There is so much work to be done in this work-a-day world, so many problems to be solved, so much ignorance, superstition and folly to be fought, so much crime to be combated, so much wrong and prejudice to be overcome, that I have no patience with those who know there are so many things in the here and now needing attention are eternally trying to stick their noses through the veil that hides us from futurity. Life is as brief as a summer's day, and when it is all over we shall know all there is to know, without wasting the brief hours of our existence, which ought to be used in adding to the sum total of human happiness and in improving ourselves and the world we live in, without nosing around trying to peep behind the curtain which separates the present from the future life. My motto is: "One world at a time." There are some people if they had a million worlds to go through would never get an atom of good out of any of them. They would be continually trying to poke their noses into the next world, and when they got into the next world they would be trying to poke their noses into the world beyond. It reminds me of a hoggish kid I once took to a six course dinner. He had no sooner got his spoon in the soup than he wanted to jab his fork into the fish. He had barely swallowed a mouthful of fish and got three bones lodged in his throat, than he was spearing a chicken croquette. Ere he had got a mouthful of the chicken croquette swallowed he was pushing his face into the roast beef. After he got one swallow of the roast beef, which nearly choked him, his hungry eyes fell on the ice cream, and he had no more use for the roast beef. He shoveled one mouthful of ice cream into his face and pushed it aside, and made a dive for the figs, grapes and oranges. He was momentarily contented with these until a big cut glass bowl full of candy appeared on the scene. This made him forget all about the fruit, and it did look as though he was really going to be contented at last, but after he got his face filled with chocolate creams, he turned as white as a sheet. His little tummy revolted, and he had to put him to bed, and dose him with Castor oil. That was his punishment for trying to hog everything at once, and that will be the punishment of those who are trying to hog a dozen worlds at once, for the people who are trying to nose into another world while in this one, will be trying to nose into another one beyond that as soon as they reach the one adjoining without getting any good out of any of them. Now if the hoggish boy had eaten and carefully masticated each portion as it came along, he would have enjoyed his dinner and would not have suffered from indigestion. There is a lot of good to be had out of this world, and if God did not mean us to enjoy it He would not have made it so beautiful. People who live this life properly, taking advantage of no one, thanking the Creator for all His mercies, thanking Him for the privilege of existence and for all His goodness, making their life a song of thankfulness instead of a dirge of mourning, making use of every hour while here for self improvement and world improvement, need have no worries about the future. A life lived that way is one long prayer, it is not a wail at the mourner's bench but a daily psalm of thanksgiving, a fresh gathered rose full of fragrance, placed daily upon the altar of faith and duty. Everyone of those roses will be woven into a garland of immortality by angel hands and placed upon the wearer's brow as he steps from this world to the brighter world beyond. While it is the church's duty to point the way to higher things, it is even more its duty to teach mankind how to live and work in this world. Practical religion for every day needs a religion for seven days a week instead of one is what humanity is looking for. Christianity supplies this need, but the church prattles of nothing but the sweet by and by, utterly ignoring the glorious here and now. It's the here and now that I am chiefly concerned in, for what right have I to expect that I can fill my place in a higher life if I am a miserable and horrible failure in this one? If the world would work more and pray less, put its religion into deeds, be more Samaritan and less Pharisee, this would be a better world for all concerned. Now Miss Puzzled girl, if your beau thinks he can remove your freckles by swallowing them let him go ahead and do it. They say faith will remove mountains, and faith that can remove mountains certainly ought to be able to get away with a bunch of freckles. You had better look out though, for if one of those freckles gets lodged sideways in his throat, and he chokes to death, you will probably get arrested for murder, and your spiritualistic beau will be hampering tables, rapping on the walls, and trying to use the conventionally absurd and preposterous methods of communicating with the living that spooks are usually supposed to resort to. Spiritualists must admit that the denizens of the other world who try to communicate with them must be a sorry crowd, for at the best they are nothing but a bunch of "knockers." If my friends in the other world cannot communicate with me without making dents in my furniture, I shall be exceedingly obliged to them if they will remain silent. You ask what a boy means when he closes a letter with the following hieroglyphics: "B. B. D. C. U. Y. S. K." I'm not quite sure, my dear, what he does mean, though I have often used these abbreviations in the palpitating days of youth, when writing to the umpteen steeve girls who had cozy corners of various dimensions in my capacious heart. In looking up this love code of yore I find that B. B. D. C. U. Y. S. K. probably means: "Beautiful baby darling, cough up your sweet kisses." Billy the Goat on the other hand is of the opinion that these letters properly interpreted mean: "Boston beans daily chewed upset your system completely." I hope, my dear little Puzzled Girl as the result of my lengthy letter you are puzzled no longer. By the way if your beau does not succeed in removing your freckles with his kisses, Billy the Goat will remove them without charge.

MEDARYVILLE, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I was almost sick from laughing when I read your reply to the question, "What makes a hero?" That

was certainly grand. I just love to read your replies to the cousins. I have your book of Poems and Song Book and think them fine.

I don't think I could do without COMFORT.

I go to English school in winter and to German school in summer. I am in the eighth grade. I expect to graduate next spring. I am going to high school next winter, if I graduate.

My father is a minister of the gospel. We live about three miles northeast of Medaryville. Papa preaches here and in San Pierre which is seven and one half miles northeast of here.

I can do most all kinds of housework, play the piano, and work outside. I like to do outside work. I also like to ride horseback. But papa won't let me ride our horse, as we don't know if she will let anyone ride her. We have one horse, one cow, seven pigs, four cats, and about one hundred chickens.

I am four feet eleven inches short, am thirteen years young, weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Have gray eyes, dark hair and am dark complected. I would like to correspond with the cousins, will try answer all.

Your loving niece and cousin,

EMMA BRENNON. (No. 34,222.)

I am glad you extract some amusement from the replies I make the cousins' letters. Emma. You say you go to English school in winter and German school in summer. What kind of a school do you go to in the fall and spring? I think if I were you I would just stick to an English school all the year round. It's all very well to have German taught in schools for those who have time to acquire a knowledge of a language other than our own, and who think that a knowledge of that language would be useful to them in the business world, but I hardly see what is to be gained by American children spending half the year in a German school, unless they want to be half American and half German, and for my part I don't think that is very laudable ambition. I don't believe in Anglo-Americans, German-Americans, Swedish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Chinese-Americans or any other form of hyphenated citizenship. We want Americans, pure and simple, and nothing of the hybrid type. I understand there are certain sections of this country where grown children of foreign born parents can't speak a word of English. They go to schools where the parent's language is taught and read only newspapers printed in a foreign tongue. These people are forming foreign colonies upon our shores. They have no idea of being assimilated. I would give such alien colonies twenty-four hours to assimilate or go home to the lands from whence they came. People who refuse to be digested and transformed into the red corpuscles of American citizenship that revivify and strengthen the national life blood, are a menace not a help to our institutions. There is much in our national life that disgusts foreigners, especially those who come from the best governed and most democratic countries of Europe. The way to overcome these national ills, however, is not to stand aloof and criticize, but to butt in and alter and reform. I feel sure all our readers will agree with me in this matter.

Emma, it must be awfully nice to have a minister in the house all the time. Think what nice sermons you can listen to without going to church. My father used to be constantly delivering sermons to all of us children, and I often wondered why he did it, for though your father gets paid for preaching, my father didn't, and it was wonderful that Pop was so generous with his sermons as he got no pay for them.

Billy the Goat says that he doesn't wonder the old man had to preach if I was in his family.

Talk about riding horses, Emma, some years ago I was commissioned by a gentleman by whom I was employed to ride a mule to a town which was about ten miles away. After we had gone about three or four miles, the mule came to a dead stop. I discussed the matter with him, and tried to impress on him the reprehensibility of his conduct but without effect. Then I argued with him for about half an hour, still without effect. Then I called him names in several languages for half an hour, still without effect. Mr. Mule said he was going to stay right where he was and grow up with the country. He said he had been reading a stand-pat republican paper that positively did not believe in being progressive, and having discovered that there were stand-pat human mules, he had decided to be a stand-pat human mule, and had made up his mind to stand pat right where he was and no power on earth could or would budge him. Just about this time a colored gentleman came along with his wagon. Seeing my predicament he said: "Say Boss, I can make that yah mule move." "Well, Rastus" I said, "if you can do that, I'll hand over the contract and engage you to do the moving at once." Rastus got down from his wagon with a can of some kind of liquid, and sprinkled a goodly portion of it on the mule's back. In about three seconds that mule let out a snort you could hear all over the state. He let fly with his hind legs, and then beat it like a lightning flash, his tail sticking out so straight you could have played checkers on it. "Say, Rastus" I said, "what did you put on that mule's back?" "That was carbolic acid, Boss," was Rastus's reply. "Well Rastus" I said, "get busy and put double the quantity on my back that you did on the mule's." "What for, Boss, what for?" said Rastus. "Why you darned chump," I said, "because I've got to catch that mule." There, Emma, you can tell that story in the German school next summer. It ought to sound good in German.

CHARLES, OUBAN, S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I received my membership card and button and like them fine.

We live on a Dakota ranch, six miles from a railroad. For pets we have one cat, two puppy dogs, both as cute as they can be and quite a lot of stock.

I have four brothers, three of them go to school and one works for Uncle Sam. He is sixteen years old and drawing two dollars and twenty-four cents a day.

I received Uncle Charlie's book of poems and think they are just grand, we nearly die laughing at the funny poems.

Well, I guess I had better tell about myself now.

I go to school every day. I am fifteen years old, have light brown hair, gray eyes. I can cook and do kinds of housework; can milk and do some outdoor work. I can play the organ some. I want to correspond with all of the cousins, will answer all cards. I hope Billy the Goat is nowhere to be seen when you receive this letter.

Your COMFORT cousin,

MISS OLIVE GUEWELL.

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# The Sudden Reformation of Mr. O'Rafferty

By Sherman E. Bishop

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**I**T was just on the stroke of midnight of March 4th, 1909. Mr. Dennis O'Rafferty stood upon the porch of his comfortable little home in a state of quiet, yet unmissable, and, even for him, unusual inebriety.

Twenty minutes later, or at 12.20 A. M., of March 5th, 1909 he had undergone a startling metamorphic crisis, and, as a result, was not only perfectly sober, but a pledged teetotaler for life. This change was the more amazing because for twenty years or more Mr. O'Rafferty had been in the habit regularly of going off upon what his neighbor, Mrs. O'Grady, was wont tersely to describe as "Tipsy sprees."

It was drawing well on towards the hour of midnight when Mr. O'Rafferty left Murphy's Cafe and turned his reluctant footsteps towards home. He had spent the evening there sitting in "a quiet little game," the interest in which had been heightened by various potions of a stimulating character, served at regular intervals. Had Mr. O'Rafferty's courage been equal to his inclination, he would have tarried longer in a place so full of light and warmth and good cheer. But there intruded unbidden, the disquieting thought of home and of a waiting spouse, whose command of language was little less than marvelous, especially when exercised in an expression of disapproval of her husband's convivial shortcomings. She was apt, at such times, to urge upon him, with irritating persistence, the benefit that would follow were he to sign the pledge and resorting to picturesque imagery—"Flee the Red Dragon of Intemperance."

Up to the opening of our story, however, Mrs. O'Rafferty's success in storming the citadel of her husband's besetting frailty was confined to a compromise which she accepted as a sort of modus vivendi, or armed truce (pending which she was awaiting the psychological moment for renewing and closing the struggle with a decisive stroke), to the effect that he would join the cold water army when, with his own eyes, he saw the evils she so glowingly depicted.

Once in a vein of humorous bravado he had remarked, "Show me yer Red Dragon an' be jabers I'll sign at th' drop of th' hat."

When Mr. O'Rafferty left Murphy's he was steady on his "pins" and only mildly exhilarated, but the short walk in the frosty air seemed to have affected him strangely, and now as he stood or rather oscillated upon the top step of the veranda, his head seemed unduly expanded and his movements more and more uncertain. And yet he was painfully conscious of his unhappy or rather unfortunate state, and the imminence of one of those heart-to-heart talks with his eloquent wife, appalled while it did not sober him. The dearest wish of his soul now was to enter quietly and to find his devious way to the conjugal couch without his companion therein being the wiser and, perhaps because of his very condition, he entertained the fatuous hope that he might accomplish this difficult feat.

Meantime, the town clock had clanged the "witching" hour, and Mr. O'Rafferty on the front porch, had, after many ineffectual attempts "corralled" his night-key, and by the sheer law of probabilities, inserted it into the keyhole.

Once inside the door he stealthily removed his shoes and began the perilous ascent of the darkened stairway. Every stair gave a denunciatory creak, which to his tense hearing was like a pistol shot. But at last he reached the bedroom door, without apparently having aroused the inmates. He entered. But here it was even darker than in the stairway halls. Not daring to stir lest he over some of those miraculously multiplying obstacles always confronting one in the dark, and thus awake his helpmate, he was driven to the risky expedient of striking a match in order to recover his bearings. He waited, however, some awful moments, hoping to locate the bed by the usual sonorous breathing of Mrs. O'Rafferty. She, however, was inexplicably silent, that is to O'Rafferty, who did not know that she was wide awake and in a state of breathless uncertainty whether it was her husband or a burglar in the house.

"The stillness gave no token," and the last spark of O'Rafferty's virile courage spurted out into the blue tongues of the match-end. And here we leave him for the time being while we gather from a conversation between Mrs. O'Rafferty and her neighbor, Mrs. O'Grady a few prior incidents essential to this veracious narrative.

"The top o' th' mor-rin' to ye, Mrs. O'Grady. Sure, it's th' thre Irish grit ye has to have y'r war-rum foire this could March day. Walk an' take a chair here be the registe. How's Molke an' th' childher? How's things an-ny way?" And the portly Mrs. O'Rafferty beamed upon her early morning caller.

"Th' sorr-a-worse," replied Mrs. O'Grady, as she settled into the proffered chair and dropped her shawl from head to shoulders. Then she smoothed her scant gray hair, afterwards spreading her hands over the comforting warmth. She was a little woman with a capable chin and black eyes that snapped with evident excitement. "Th' sorr-a-worse," she repeated; and then abruptly—"Och, och! Mrs. O'Rafferty, I wisht I had yer weight an' strngth. I'd reform me ould mon even if I had to break every bone in his body."

Mrs. O'Rafferty, who had dropped solidly into a chair that creaked under her considerable weight lifted her hands in wild amaze. "For the love of Hiven!" she said, "ye must be thinkin' th' lovin' blows are better than asby wor-rds."

"I mane it," says Mrs. O'Grady. "Him whose own father is dead an' gone o' hiver trouble and har'd drinkin' long since, rist his pur soul!"—out late every night an' comin' in with a tin-horse power breath and the inclination to go to bed with his boots on, an' kapin' me awake the list of th' night tellin' 'im he's no good a tall, a tall. An' me that small—that me only de-fince is moral suasion. Och, Och! Moral suasion is no cure. It's only an irritant. Says I to Molke this mor-rin', 'Why don't ye take th' pledge an' become a decent citizen th' same as Mr. O'Rafferty?'

"Mr. O'Rafferty," he snorted, "good raisen why he tuk it. They do be sayin' he had the Jim-jams and thot his toime had come. An-ny one would tak th' pledge under thim circumstances. But what's th' har-rum now an' thin' of a wee dhrap of th' crather?"

"And that, says I to Molke from a mon who goes on tipsy sprees and gulps it down loike wather. Say, Mrs. O'Rafferty, did yer mon Dennis hav th' tremers?"

"No, he did not, but he taught be did, an' I want 'im to kape that iday—a forver an' a day, for if he iver learns th' truth he'll be after fallin' from grace with more rapidity than he reformed, and I think he broke a record in his ascent of th' wather wagon."

"For the love of Hiven, Mrs. O'Rafferty, do be tellin' me how you done it. Sure I made hlp, an-ny one live day." And the little woman began to sob, hugging herself and rocking herself back and forth.

"There, there now," said Mrs. O'Rafferty soothingly. "I'll re-vale th' secret to ye, but if ye liver tell, I'll never forgive ye—an' may God save you Bridget O'Grady. It was one year ago th' last Fourth of July I tuk me little Patsy to a picnic where there was everything in th' way of amusements to please th' little felloy, includin' a display of day-fireworks, a hathan invitn'

by manes of which th' air above was filled with a choice assortment of th' worst looking' objects ye ever saw, even in yer wildest drames. But of course Patsy fell in love with thim and when one of them tissue paper divils fell at our vary fate he wint wild with delight and pounced upon it with a cry o' joy. It was tin fate long, flamin' red and resembled a cross betwane a nightmare and shimpazee. Well th' little felly brought it home with him and thin after a while it was put away an' forgotten.

"It was war year ago this vary night and Dinnis had gone down to Murphy's as usual. Patsy an' I, 'go to bed.' Obadient, but reluctant th' little felly climbed th' stairs, halting at th' top to look over some of his treasures an' by good luck, as the saquel shows, he fished out his tissue paper pet of th' precious summer. Takin' it into our bedroom and spreadin' it out on th' floure, by chance he laid it across th' hot air register. Immediately infatin', it swelled to full size, layin' to an' fro, ah 'bobbin' up an' down loike a thing alive. Patsy was delighted. 'Ain't he a peach?' says he. On his own motion he was allowed a little extra toime to play with his pet dragon. But after a toime, 'Patsy,' say I, 'put that drame o' daylight away and crawl into yer little bed.' He knew betther than to argue with me on the mane proposition, so he says, 'Ma, can't I lave it here to scare pa when he comes home?' 'Yis,' say I, little dramin' o' th' howlin' succiss that would follow the experiment.

"Soon Patsy was in th' land o' drames, where later I joined 'im. Meantime thot horror hatched to th' register be a sthing, waved its blood-red length over th' scene o' innocence an' repose. It must have been much later when I awoke with a start and taught I heard some one in th' room. 'It's Dinnis,' say I to myself. 'No, it can't be Dinnis,' taught I, 'he's niver thot quiet. Maybe it do be a burglar, and I was thot scared I shopped brathin' ontrile.' Then he struck a match an' I saw it was Dinnis. I was about to express my righteous indignation, but events followed too rapidly. He was facin' th' wall an' I heard him chuckle whin he realized where he was. As the yellow blaze flared up he turned his head inquiringly towards th' bed, but his glance never reached it. It was shopped midway by the vision o' a blood-red monsther with fiery, mailvolint eyes an' massive gapin' jaws, ready to spring and devour him bodily. An ocular verity will shatter th' skiptical philosophy o' a lifetome. If this was na th' rid dragon of Intemperance it was somethin' tin tomes worse. For a second Dinnis stood completely sober, but paralyzed with terror. I could see him, his eyes big as saucers and his lower jaw droppin'. Just thim th' match burned down till it scorched his finger tips, dropped and expired in a last flicker on th' floor. But th' catastrophe seemed to resthore his lost powers of spache an' locomotion. Wid a yell that would make a stame whistle turn grane with envy, he fled from th' room an' with wan desperiate plunge he landed on th' floor below. I lape from th' bed, lighted th' lamp an' with rare prisence of mind unthatched that rid dragon an' kicked it under th' bed an' followed in th' wake of me noble Dinnis. When I rached his side he was on th' floor throwin' fits. I stooped an' touched him on th' shoulder. He taught his toime had come, and from th' contortions of terror he passed to th' quietness of despair and lay limp and prostrate on the floure till me potent voice broke the spell. 'Och, och! Mary Ann an' is it you?' says he. 'Sure,' says I, 'who did you think it was?' 'Th' divil,' says he; 'an' where is he?' 'Who?' says I. 'Why, the divil of course' says he. "Arrah, go on wid ye," says I, 'I haven't seen any divil.'

"I did," says he. 'He was forty fate long, with fire and brimstone shootin' in flames out of his mouth and

"Listen," says I, breakin' in on his truthful description, 'Don't ye say a word. Ye haven't seen anyn' divil. Listen,' as he started to expositate, 'ye had a touch of th' tremers, thots all.' 'Oh my God,' he groans.

"Say," says I, 'hadn't ye betther sign th' pledge?' "Sign th' pledge," he yelled, 'I'll sign fourty pledges.'

"One's enough," say I and thin I left him and wint up to Patsy, who was scramin' his lungs out. 'Shut yer head,' says I, gently but firmly, 'you've scared yer poire innocent father out of fifteen years' growth.' If he iver finds it out it'll be the worse for ye. Followin' that, Mrs. O'Grady, Dennis signed th' pledge an' has kept it till th' pristin' moment."

"Say," says Mrs. O'Grady, "can I borrow yer Rid Dragon?" "Sure," says Mrs. O'Rafferty.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

owned those steel mills, they would be getting at least three times as much. What a pity the old gentleman has not sense enough to own them. At present Uncle Sam is in his dotage. Some day we shall have a new, vigorous Uncle Sam Jr., who will chase all our political tramps to the Cump and the morgue, who will put a muzzle on all our money kings and trust hogs, and give the people a people's government and a real republic, then the great natural resources of the country will be owned by the people and worked by the people, not for the profit of a few but for the use of all. In those days we won't have a boy of sixteen drawing fifty cents a day more than a man of forty with a family, who for his pittance has to work nearly twice as long as Uncle Sam's youthful employee and work seven days a week all the year round if he is lucky or unlucky enough to get the job. There is a good time coming, but it won't come by sitting down and dreaming about it. We have got to work for it and work all-fired hard or instead of better times, you will have harder times, and instead of the chains of industrial slavery dropping from your weary limbs they will bind you tighter than ever. Nothing is accomplished without effort, thought and determination. These are the qualities that win over every obstacle. These are the qualities this nation sadly lacks, and these are the qualities it should get and the Lord help it if it don't get them soon.

DINUBA, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Won't you let a twelve year-old girl from the wild and wooly West join your delightful group?

I am always in a hurry for COMFORT to come and can hardly wait from one month to the next for it, because I am so anxious to read the letters and your funny remarks about them.

I live on a farm of forty acres. We have it set out to orchards. We have different kinds and so have them to eat almost all the year round and also lemons, figs, grapes and horses and cows.

I sweep and feed the chickens, iron and sometimes sew bakes or milk one or two cows but I don't like milking and don't often have to.

We have lots of fun playing here all the year round, for it's never too cold to play outdoors.

I remain, your loving niece, MAY SMITH.

Only too happy to have you join our delightful group. May. You have quite some good things to eat haven't you? Lucky girl. Amongst the things that you have to eat I notice are lemons, figs, grapes and horses and cows. That

must be some appetite of yours if you can demolish fruit and live stock in that wholesale fashion. Do you eat a whole horse or a whole cow at a sitting or butcher them first, and dispose of them piecemeal afterwards? Most of the beef we get in New York is cow beef, taken from the carcasses of venerable milk producers who ought to be permitted to die of old age. I know they eat horse meat in Germany as the high tariff keeps our beef out and there are not enough native cattle to go round. I did not, however, know that they were eating horses, either whole or piecemeal in wealthy California. May, the next time you have a horse barbecue, you had better let us know, and we will be on hand to watch you swallowing a couple of horses' wings, while Billy the goat will demolish any horses' feathers that you may have on hand. You say you sweep and feed the chickens. That's right, my dear, nothing like keeping the poultry clean. We note, too, with interest that you iron and sometimes sew, bake and milk one or two cows. I suppose this ironing cow's tails is some new fashion, or you would not do it, and the cows would not allow it to be done. I suppose after a cow's tail is ironed, it sticks out as straight as a fence rail. I should think if a cow tried to swish the flies off her back with a tail like that, it would break off. What's your idea in sewing your poor inoffensive old "moo moo?" Do you iron its hide off and then have to sew it on again? Put us right on this matter, please. I'm not surprised as you eat cows, that you also bake them, as they would not be very agreeable eaten raw. You must have a large oven in your kitchen, if you can bake a whole cow in it at once. You say: "I don't like milking, and don't half to." So do you your milking, not in halves, but in one solid piece do you? It would be quite an idea to divide yourself in halves during the milking process, then you could milk both sides at once. I am afraid, however, if you were to "half" to milk, you'd catch cold internally during the process. Billy the Goat is of the opinion that you meant to say that you don't have to milk, and not that you don't half to milk. I'm glad to hear this, May, as I'd hate to see you dissecting yourself in the manner your letter suggests. You might spill some of your internal machinery in the process, and think how awful that would be. I'm glad you can play out of doors all the year round, and if you will promise to take horses off your bill of fare, and stop sewing the cow and ironing her tail, I will come and play with you.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

## Young Men's Christian Association Wants Old Books and Magazines for the Army and Navy

**T**HE Y. M. C. A. is doing splendid work in the U. S. Army and Navy, in both of which it has a large membership and many branches, and its activities have the hearty approval and encouragement of our government.

The distribution of good reading matter among our soldiers and sailors is one of the many good things it does, but it seems that the demand for current literature at the Army posts and Naval stations exceed the supply and John S. Tichenor, Secretary of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Headquarters in New York City, is making a general appeal to the people to send in their spare reading matter for this purpose. By his request we print the following extract from his recent letter to COMFORT:

"Publisher COMFORT.—Old books and magazines are greatly appreciated by our United States soldiers and sailors all over the world. We are constantly receiving urgent requests from Alaska, Philippine Islands and other isolated posts, as well as from our men-of-war, for reading matter. Would you be willing to mention this fact in your paper and state that books and magazines may be sent freight *prepaid* to the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association, 124 East 28th Street, New York City, from which office they will be forwarded to the men. "Very truly yours, J. S. TICHENOR."

Don't forget to prepay freight, express or postage on anything you send as this is a most worthy charity.

COMFORT has a number of subscribers among Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors and some interesting letters from them have occasionally appeared in our "League of Cousins."

## The South Must Take Care of its Splendid Forests

The first session of the forestry conference held in connection with the Nashville meeting of the Southern Commercial Congress was opened on the afternoon of April 8. The presiding officer was Henry S. Graves, Chief Forester of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. In opening the conference Mr. Graves spoke as follows:

"In any consideration of the industrial development of the South, the problems which stand out as most important are those connected with agriculture and forestry. The South is favored with climate and soil especially advantageous both for agriculture and for the production of forests. Its cut of lumber aggregates some 24 billion feet a year, or over half of that used in the entire nation. Other industries bring the value of the products of the forests today upwards of \$50 million dollars.

"Louisiana now stands second only to the State of Washington in the production of lumber, while Mississippi, North Carolina, Arkansas, Virginia, and Texas are all ahead of any other state. The lumber industry of the South employs some 217,000 persons, and the allied industries require over 200,000 more. We are dealing with a problem of gigantic proportions and one which touches the welfare of the entire nation.

"It is of vital importance to the South that the land suitable to agriculture be devoted to that purpose and just as rapidly as possible be actually used for the growing of crops. There is, however, a vast area of land, some of it in great blocks in the mountains and elsewhere, and some in small patches within the agricultural areas, which is suited only to the growth of trees. Many persons point to great floods like those we are now having and insist that forests have nothing whatever to do with the control of water. This is as absurd as would be a statement that forests absolutely prevent large floods. They are, however, only one factor and may be entirely overwhelmed by other factors like long-continued rainfall or sudden thawing of snow in the mountains. The Geological Survey is developing some very important and interesting facts regarding the influence of forests on erosion in the South.

"Our problem touches the method of handling the forests in a way to benefit the South permanently. The bulk of what is put on the market is from timber 150 years old and upwards. The cutting takes place without reference to a new crop of trees and we still have that greatest enemy of the forest, fire, which prevents the establishment of new growth. Moreover, the forest fires are primarily responsible for the damage resulting from erosion and disturbance of streamflow in the mountains. Unless there is a correction of the existing conditions the supply of forest products will not be maintained, local industries will decline or vanish, land values will be permanently reduced, and the benefits arising from the mere existence of well managed forests will be lost, with unfortunate results.

"There is no region except the far Northwest where forestry is so simple and the results so sure as in the South. It is entirely practical to secure from the area which should be permanently in forest from 20 to 30 billion feet

## Solid Oak Rocker With Magazine Arm Racks

The very latest thing. The massive frame is made entirely of choice, selected quarter-sawed oak. The wide top rail, side-brackets, front posts and lower rail are all richly carved. The large, roomy, comfortable seat has a foundation of the best tempered steel.

Price \$150.00. The back is upholstered in Royal Leather (imitation) and will make a comfortable and convenient chair.

One of the most comfortable chairs ever made.

**No. L158**

## SEND NO MONEY

Don't send us one penny for this chair. We will gladly ship it right to your home for ten days' free examination—absolutely at our own risk. All we ask is that you take the chair promptly from the packaging and pay us for the shipping and handling. But the chair is not to be returned, even if you are not satisfied with it. We will refund you the amount you paid for freight charges. If you decide to keep the chair, we will bill you for the cost of shipping and handling.

**We Make You This Offer</**

## Home Dressmaking Hints

### Early Summer Styles

By Geneva Gladding

**C**OLLARS, V necks and edges of revers are very stylishly piped with even black and white stripes, and inside of another piping of cerise.

Embroidered linen hats, belts, collars and cuffs, parasols, bags, and ties are fashionable, in fact, 'tis the touch of hand-work that gives elegance to a costume.

A patch pocket may be worn on the left side of tailored shirt-waists, and on the right side of cotton, linen or wool walking skirts. A great convenience is the pocket fitted to the inside of belt for coins, small kerchief, or any small necessity.

Pretty, plain pearl buckles suitable for embroidered belts may be bought for twenty-five cents.

Clinging, supple silk in plain and two-toned weaves is considered very choice this season and makes a lovely background for lace. It is an excellent material for cool summer days, for traveling or church wear.

Waist lines are two and three inches above normal and decidedly becoming to most figures, giving a youthful round effect. Stitching and pipings finish the top of skirts.

Narrow lace collars are often worn over deeper ones of dress material.

The newest jabots are made of net. They are laid in vertical plaits and with a warm iron pressed into shape. A pretty effect is in two sections, one over the other, the upper one being white over one of black. A flat velvet bow finishes top of jabot.

Black-and-white combinations are very desirable in hats, suits and dresses.

Cotton ball fringe, straight fringe, puffing and quilling are the newest trimmings, and very quaint and pretty.

Black velvet ribbon belts with long ends give a smart finish to muslin and dimity gowns.

### Description of Practical and Up-to-Date Fashions

No. 5691—Ladies' Empire Dress. Another attractive model with the let-in sleeve which is without fullness at top. As the small cut shows it may be made without yoke and worn with guimpe. The skirt is three-piece.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5719—Misses' or Small Women's Dress, closed at left side of back and with four-gored skirt. This very handsome dress can be developed from a variety of materials. Buttons with simulated buttonholes form the trimming with either an edge of coarse lace or silk plaiting around collar and cuffs.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, age 16 requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5716—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing at left side back. Worn as a suit or separate skirt, or attached to a waist making a one-piece dress and the opening changed to the front gore. Around lower edge skirt measures three yards.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 requires two and three quarters yards of 50-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5739—Ladies' Empire Dress. The dress with the high waist line continues a very popular style as it is becoming to most figures. The graceful shawl collar crosses in surplice fashion and is edged with wide braid trimming.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material, five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over, and three yards of braid. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5784—Ladies' Dress. This pretty dress for summer materials is a very popular one and very easily made. The armhole is cut large giving great freedom to the wearer, and the sleeve sews in without fullness. The six-gored skirt is finished with a box plait at the back and is sewed to the waist if preferred. The waist and skirt open at the left side-front.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 measures three yards around lower edge and requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5794—Ladies' Shirt-waist with or without nursing feature. As a nursing waist this model is found very practical. It may open on one or both sides.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and three eighths yards of 27-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5731—Ladies' Dress. This stylish model can be developed in several ways. Instead of the yoke facing it may be finished square and worn with a washable guimpe, which if made with sleeves, should extend three inches below waist sleeve showing same material as neck. The skirt is the new three-piece style and may be stitched or piped onto waist. A pretty touch of trimming is a piping around the armhole of color used elsewhere on gown.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure,

size 36 requires four and five eighths yards of one of the season's features and very becoming. The collar and V yoke is made of lace. The skirt is two-piece with tab front.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five yards 44-inch material, five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12-4-27-T—Collar and cuffs of linen or plain gingham, with row of embroidered dots near edge and edged with lace. Patterns with perforation for dots. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12-1-28—Embroidered Yoke for Infants. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5023—Boy's Suit. This becoming little suit is somewhat of a novelty, the blouse being made to slip on over the head and opened at the front like a shirt. The trousers are of the Knickerbocker variety. Made of dark blue linen, with a patent leather belt, this suit will look charming on any little boy.

Cut in sizes two, three and four years; age three requires two and five eighths yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5636—Boy's Russian Suit. A practical model of this popular style is here given which can be put together by the most inexperienced. Flannel, galatea, percale, linen or plain dark ginghams are suitable materials. The belt may be leather or made of same.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; age four requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5372—Children's Dress. This dainty yet simple little frock can be made with long or short sleeves and with high or low neck. French lawn, muslin, organdy or swiss trimmed with embroidered bands would develop this model prettily. A ribbon rosette on each sleeve band and one to left side-front of belt would be attractive.

Cut in sizes two, four, six, eight and 10 years; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5795—Children's Dress closed to left side of front. This simple, easily made dress is very suitable for summer materials. If a short sleeve is preferred the full section may be omitted.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material, with five eighths yard of 27-inch con-

tin in sizes two to 10 years; age six requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5706—Girls' Dress. This smart little dress buttons straight down the front and has the new style collar and cuffs. The stand at neck may be omitted.

Cut in sizes six to 12 years; age eight requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5722—Children's French Dress with long or short sleeves. This little design is one of the favorites this season. The skirt may be plaited or gathered.

Cut in sizes two to eight years; age eight requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

### Questions Answered

**MENDING.**—Mrs. HUNNINWELL, as volte is so difficult to darn and the long tear is on the underside of plait, I would place a piece of same underneath, machine stitch down each edge and then zigzag across the tear both ways. Catch the edges of patch over-and-over on the wrong side. This is an excellent way to mend long tears or breaks in an inconspicuous place.

**RESTORING COLOR.**—The fruit acid had taken the color from your red volte dress. Possibly by sponging with a strong solution of ammonia and water it may be restored. If you are not successful, follow with an application of chloroform.

**INFANTS' CLOTHES.**—Six day slips, three night slips, three petticoats, four bands, four dozen diapers, two pair of white stockings and two long outing flannel wrappers should be included in baby's first outfit. Put no more cloth than necessary into these garments as it only brings discomfort by twisting about the child. If you have the time, finish necks, sleeves and armholes by hand as the seams are much softer. Avoid hard edges which roughen and make sore the tender flesh.

Long cloth is very soft and makes durable slips. White cloth petticoats are not necessary, so put all your money into flannel ones. Use silk and wool, or cotton and wool in rather a thin quality, as with the frequent washings it will thicken. Gather these into fairly close fitting bands with shoulder straps.

The bands should be of a little heavier weight of



trusting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 1545—Boy's Shirt Blouse with yoke facing. Slips on over the head and is fastened by either an elastic or tape.

Cut in 14 sizes; three to 16 years, age nine requires one and three quarters yards 36 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5638—Children's Dress. Attractively made of plain brown gingham and trimmed with striped. The skirt may be plaited or gathered; the gathers being easier to iron. Body and sleeve are cut in one.

Cut in sizes four to 12 years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material, with five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4238—Girls' Bloomers. Every girl should be fitted out with bloomers to wear underneath the dress. To wear with wool dresses nothing is better than those made of black mercerized cotton of a good quality, while to wear with gingham or other cotton material, they are better made to match. These garments are a great saving of laundry; in fact they have to a great extent taken the place of the white, trimmed and starched drawers and skirts. This model has just the right amount of fullness to hold the dresses out a little.

petticoats one or two inches shorter. One dress with yoke is sufficient for baby until it is several months old. No. 12-1-28 in this number is a very dainty design and with a bib of narrow lace at neck and wristbands constitutes the trimming. Wash lower edge with a deep feather-stitched hem or hemstitch. The yoke is done in solid embroidery or in a combination of solid and dotted work. It is always best to make the center of the tiny flower an eyelet, even though the petals are worked solid. The embroidery should be done with a single thread stranded cotton, and if worked in French solid embroidery, the stitches on both petals and leaves should be laid across from side to side. The stems are best worked in over-and-over stitch on a single padding thread. A fine seam beading should be used in joining the yoke on the shoulders, and also in setting the yoke into the dress. Nainsook, lawn, batiste and handkerchief linen are all suitable materials.

**COAT SET.**—Miss ALICE MURRAY, No. 12-4-27-T would be smart with your serge suit. It is so simple that it can be made up in a few hours. The only embroidery is the row of padded satin-stitch dots which outlines the edge. These dots may be

## A Roadside Game for the Children

By Emily Rose Burt

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**W**

HEN'LL we get there?" asked Lilian in a tired little voice. "I wish pretty soon," said Paul, wriggling and twisting uncomfortably on the seat.

You see they had started early, oh, very early in the morning from home, in the surrey, to drive to Grandpa's house. They had had their lunch of buns and bread and butter and olives and apples and grapejuice from the Thermos bottle, and they had taken turns sitting on the front seat with papa and holding the ends of the reins. Now it was eleven o'clock and still there were many miles to go and old Billy, the horse, was very slow and Lilian and Paul were so tired of sitting in the carriage. It just seemed as if they could not endure it another minute.

Mamma had seemed to be thinking for some time. Now she spoke. "I know a game to play," she said. "It's great fun—there are sides to it and I think you'll like it."

"Oh, tell about it," shouted Lilian and Paul together.

"Give me time to explain," said mamma. "In the first place, we are divided into sides, and as Paul and I are on the left-hand side of the carriage, we'll be on the same side together in the game. Lilian and papa, as they are both on the right-hand side of the carriage, can be together on the opposing side."

"I see," cried Lilian, "papa and I are partners."

"And mamma and I," said Paul.

"Yes, that's the idea," said mamma. "Now Paul and I will keep watch of the left-hand side of the road, and Lilian and papa, of the right-hand side. Whenever, anyone of us sees, on his or her own side of the road, any animal with four legs, it means four points for that side; anything with two legs, counts two, and a cat in a window counts twenty-five. At the end of the trip we compare and see which side has the larger score. Do you understand?"

"Yes," cried the children eagerly. "Let's begin now."

"I see a cow!" called Lilian.

"Oh, there's a white horse over in the pasture!" shouted Paul.

In a moment they were all breathlessly watching the roadside and fields, while the carriage rolled along. As they passed a farmhouse, some hens scuttled squawking in front of them, and it was some time before anyone knew which side of the road they would choose. Then what a task little Paul had counting up the legs.

In a field on the right, a man was ploughing with a yoke of oxen. "Two and four and four," reckoned Lilian.

Little Paul wanted to count in a scarecrow that stood flapping its arms in a cornfield, but mamma thought that would not be quite fair.

Everyone was so interested and excited that almost before they knew it, they were at the signpost that said, "1/2 mile to South Hackley Center," which was the town where grandpa lived.

"Whose side has won?" asked mamma.

"We have fifty-two," cried Lilian.

"And we have sixty-five," squealed Paul triumphantly, "but then you see, we saw a cat in a window, and that made our score bigger."

"I think we've all done well," said mamma.

"When you get to grandpa's, why don't you write down a list of the animals each of you saw, and compare? I think grandpa would be interested."

So that afternoon Lilian and Paul sat on the piazza steps and made out their lists and here is a copy of them.

LILIAN.	1 cow	4
	5 sparrows on telephone wires (2 legs each)	10
	1 man (ploughing)	2
	2 oxen (4 legs each)	8
	All at one house	
	1 cat (not in window)	4
	3 pigs (4 legs each)	12
	1 baby in carriage	2
	1 mother	2
	1 lamb	4
	1 horse	4
		52
PAUL.		
	1 white horse	4
	8 hens (2 legs each)	16
	2 little boys with two legs each	4
	1 robin	2
	1 farmer	2
	4 crows (two legs each)	8
	1 cow	4
	1 cat in a window	25
		65

Don't you think that was a nice game?

done in white or in a color. For wear with tailored suit of dark blue, the dots are very effective if worked with glue to correspond. The design may be stamped on linen, linen lawn, batiste or mercerized cotton



36-inch material, one half yard of 18-inch all-over if yoke facing is used. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5699—Ladies' Dress with body and upper part of sleeves in one. This smart collar is

# Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

## Doctoring Worn-out Land

**M**ANY a disappointed farmer scarcely knows how to start the work when he finds himself in possession of a worn-out farm. He has little if any capital at his command and few if any animals other than his family cow and work team and he cannot afford to buy artificial fertilizers. This man certainly is "up against it" as folks say. But there is one way in which he can gradually bring his farm back to producing profit. He can sow clover and turn it in again, or if he has cows, they will eat the young clover seeded with the grain crops. Clover seed costs money; but some of the money gained from any phase of farm work that returns cash may profitably be invested in enough of the seed to start the upward road toward fertility improvement. In Wisconsin one celebrated grower of prize grain sows red clover with every seeded crop. That is to say that whenever he sees any of his land to oats, rye, barley, wheat or any other crop, clover goes in with it. When the grain crop is cut the cows pasture the young clover and make a profit of it. This man keeps twenty-eight cows and has but thirteen acres of permanent pasture. Most folks would have about fifty acres of pasture for that many cows. It is the catch crops of clover that make the keeping of so many cows profitable without a big area of pasture. And all the while the farm is gaining in fertility, by reason of the clover. It adds nitrogen and helps to increase humus. It prepares the land for other crops and provides feed for animals that add fertility to the soil. The man that gets the clover sowing habit is the man who in time will have a rich farm. He surely is the man whose farm is not going to run down and run him off the old place to the new farm in a far country where life has to be commenced over again at the cost of many trials and troubles. If clover will not grow well add lime to that land, and it may be too, that phosphates and other fertilizers are needed. But try clover first and stick to it through thick and thin until it thrives and makes everything thrifty.

## "A Little Cracked Corn"

### Precious Little for Growing Pigs

Almost every time we happen to read an article on the subject of young pig feeding we come across the hackneyed advice, "feed a little cracked corn at weaning time." "A little!" That is not so bad, but it is a dangerous habit in that it is so hardy to feed corn that the feeder gets into the habit of throwing down the "little" and gradually substituting "a lot." The little taste grows into a steady diet of corn and whole corn takes the place of cracked corn. The pig grows fat in consequence, but that does not necessarily mean that it is strong or healthy. On the contrary it too often is really weak and prone to disease, for it likely is flabby and sluggish, and it is such pigs that disease strikes most often and most severely. A little drop of water will, in time, if continuously applied in the same spot, wear a hole in a stone. So with the little feed of corn for the young pig. It will in time, if given daily, tend to grow a strong factor for injury. It is given in kindness, but without thought, and the results are seen later in pigs "broken down behind," or sick from one of a number of ailments so induced. Breeders are waking up to the recognition of too early stuffing of corn as an evil for young pigs. They are giving more mixed feeds and more exercise, together with green feeds, such as rape, clover, Alfalfa and rye. Since this manner of feeding young growing pigs has come into vogue, there has been less tendency to paralysis and to diseases such as cholera, which lurk where the environment is filthy and hogs are debilitated in constitution by stuffing on corn, pampering on unnecessarily rich slop, and deprived of health-giving exercise. The corn should, by rights, be saved for the adult, fattening hogs. Little of it should be fed to breeding stock, to pregnant sows and to sows that are nursing pigs. Were this made the rule in practice there would be less loss from disease and we would not so often hear of sows and pigs breaking down in their hind quarters. Among suitable nitrogenous feeds to be used in place of corn for young growing pigs may be mentioned middlings, oatmeal (screened), oil meal, bran, barley meal, digester tankage and, of course, milk.

## Pigs in Clover

As we have explained corn is not the proper feed for the growing pig, and very, very little of it should be given him. This is getting to be pretty well understood by experienced hog raisers and the value of pasture is generally known. But what is not so generally understood is the proved fact that an all-corn diet is neither the best nor the most economical feed for fattening the hog.

This subject is ably treated in "Circular No. 35" recently issued by Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station at LaFayette, Indiana, from which we quote the following extracts:

"The hog in his natural state is a foraging animal. Practically all forms of plant and animal life were consumed by wild swine in their search for food. So efficient, however, was the hog in converting grain into meat that it was formerly often the practice when corn was very cheap, to limit the fattening hog to an exclusive grain ration. The price of corn has been so high in recent years, however, that the most profitable returns could not be secured in pork production without considering the natural tendency of the hog and furnishing an abundance of pasture during the spring, summer and fall. Lack of available pasture necessarily increases the cost of pork production.

The value of pasture is too generally known to need extensive discussion. Nevertheless, a few facts as to the actual reduction in the cost of producing pork by use of pasture may not be amiss. After several years' experiments, including five trials in dry lot and 15 trials on various forage crops, the Missouri Experiment Station drew the following conclusions: 'The average amount of grain to produce a pound of gain with five dry lot experiments was 5.11 pounds and that when well-balanced rations were used. The average amount of grain to produce a pound of gain with hogs on forage crops was 3.54 pounds. The forage crops effected a saving of 30.7 per cent. in the amount of grain to produce a pound of gain. We may safely

conclude from the above experiments that gains made with forage crops are made at 20 to 30 per cent. less cost than the gains produced largely with grain. These experiments have shown that the profits per acre of forage when pork is worth six cents may range from \$7.26 to \$35.61 per acre. With pork at six cents the average value of a bushel of corn fed to hogs in dry lots was 86 cents per bushel; the average value of a bushel of corn fed to hogs on forage was 95 cents.'

"Red clover is the crop to be principally depended upon for hog pasture in Indiana. This is true not only because of its importance for completing the rotation of crops but also because of its high value as a forage. So universal is the use of clover, that when there is a great shortage of this crop, the hog raiser is often at a very serious loss to know what to do for pasture. Very often the hogs are sold or are kept on inadequate pasture. Neither course is necessary. It is both possible and economical to sow some quick-growing crop, or a series of crops, in the spring and summer that will furnish an abundance of hog pasture of almost the same feeding value as clover and at very little extra cost in time and labor.

"The disastrous effects of the drouth and other unfavorable conditions on the clover crop during the past year make the need of more knowledge of crops to sow for an early pasture especially urgent at this time. It is for the purpose of supplying information as to what crops can be substituted for clover as hog pasture this summer and at other times when the clover crop fails that this circular has been prepared. While it is feasible to sow red clover the first part of April on an especially well prepared seed bed without a nurse crop and obtain good pasture by the middle of the summer, the use of quick growing crops must largely be relied upon to furnish forage when the clover crop fails.

"In the discussion of crops which follows, they are taken up in their relative importance as forage crops for hogs. These crops can also, with a few exceptions, such as roots and to a certain extent pumpkins, be used as forage for sheep, but are not of much service for cattle although they are sometimes used. Care must be taken with ruminants (cows, sheep and other animals that chew the cud) on quick-growing crops to prevent loss from bloat. Another serious drawback to the successful use of these crops as cattle pasture is that animals as large as cattle trample the rapidly growing crops so badly that proper plant growth is hindered. If they are used for cattle they should be used as sowing crops. Roots, however, are very valuable as winter feed for cattle and sheep as well as hogs.

## Rape

"Rape is one of the most satisfactory crops for early hog pasture when clover is not available. It closely resembles cabbage in appearance and manner of growth, except that it does not produce a head. It has large, coarse, succulent leaves, and ordinarily grows from 20 to 30 inches tall. It is a cool weather plant and can be sown early in the spring,—as soon as there is no further danger of severe frost. It will endure a pretty severe frost in the fall without injury and may be used for pasture late in the fall, provided the hogs are kept off when it is frozen. It is usually killed by such winters as we have in Indiana. Dwarf Essex and Dwarf Victoria are the varieties commonly grown.

"After many years' experience with this plant Professor Carlyle at the Wisconsin Experiment Station found that with pigs from four to 10 months old an acre of rape when properly grown has a feeding value, when combined with a ration of corn and shorts, equivalent to 2436 pounds of the mixture of these grain feeds. The value of rape as compared with clover as found at the Wisconsin Experiment Station is shown in the following table:

1898.

RAPE.	CLOVER.
Number of pigs ..... 19	19
Initial weight..... 111 lbs.	110 lbs.
Grain per 100 lbs. gain 391	439
Daily gain per pig.... .87 lbs.	.78 lbs.

1899.

RAPE.	CLOVER.
Number of pigs ..... 21	21
Initial weight..... 101.9 lbs.	101.8 lbs.
Grain per 100 lbs. gain 332	346
Daily gain per pig.... 1.27 lbs.	1.22 lbs.

"It will be noted that there was not only a saving of grain but that the gains were more rapid with rape pasture than when clover was used. While the gains secured depend, of course, on the growth of both the clover and the rape, nevertheless numerous trials at various stations have shown a high feeding value for rape pasture. At Purdue, rape has proved to be one of the most successful and abundant pastures that can be grown for hogs."

The seed may be sown broadcast, about six pounds to the acre, but it is better to sow it in drills 20 inches apart, three pounds of seed to the acre, allowing cultivation between the rows to keep the ground clear of weeds, and because the pigs will thus keep between the rows while feeding and not trample down the plants.

Small pigs should be turned in when the plants are about eight inches high. Large hogs should not be turned in before the plants are 12 to 14 inches high, or still better 16 to 18 inches. If turned in when the plants are too small they are apt to pull them up by the roots and thus destroy the pasture. The hogs will eat the leaves first and not harm the stems seriously until the leaves are gone, then they will eat the stems; therefore the hogs should be removed before they have eaten the leaves too close and begun to damage the stems. When this is done, new leaves will spring out on the old stems and the pasture is renewed in much less time than when the stems are eaten off. For this reason two pastures should be provided so that while one is being pastured the other is growing. An acre of rape thus divided into two pastures often furnishes enough forage for 15 to 20 one hundred-pound hogs during the larger part of the summer."

Hogs should be kept out of the rape when the dew is heavy and when wet by rain to avoid blistering their noses and ears, and when frozen late in the fall to avoid scouring.

## Other Forage Crops

Wherever red clover thrives it is probably the best and most profitable pasture for hogs, taking into consideration its value for the growing pig and the fattening hog and the important fact that red clover adds fertility to the soil instead of exhausting it.

For sections of the country where red clover does not flourish there are a number of other forage crops besides rape that will be found valuable forage crops for hogs.

Cowpeas, requiring about 90 days from planting until sufficiently developed for pasturing, are very valuable, especially in the South. Besides green fodder they furnish considerable grain in the peas which form.

Soy beans are cultivated much like cowpeas and have about the same forage and grain value. They mature for pasture in 80 to 90 days and are more profitable where the seasons are long.

For the colder parts of the country Canadian field peas and oats sown together make a very valuable and early forage crop for hogs.

Rye sown in late August or early September will give the earliest pasture crop the next spring.

Root crops, such as mangel wurtzels, sugar beets and carrots are also raised for pasturing hogs, but they are especially valuable for winter feed, not only for the nourishment they contain, but also for their regulatory effect in keeping the hogs in good health and assisting in the digestion and assimilation of other foods.

Pumpkins are useful for late summer and fall feed, especially with a corn ration.

## Cure for Bad Germs in Milk

So many inquiries have been received of late with reference to slimy,ropy and bitter milk and the germs which cause the trouble that a discussion of the methods used to eradicate these troublesome pests is timely.

## How Germs Get Into Milk

The sources of infection are the clothing and hands of the milker, the mud and dirt of the barnyard and pasture, the filth of the stable, the accumulations on the hair, flanks, belly and udder of the cow, the dusty air of the barn and the milking utensils. In order to control the quality of our milk we must control these sources of infection.

THE MILKER should wear clean clothes, particularly free from dust,—he should wash his hands before milking and should always milk with dry hands. The filthy practice of wetting the hands in milk in order to make the milking easier cannot be too strongly condemned.

THE UTENSILS should be washed, scalded and dried in the sun, never rinsed with cold water.

THE COW should be kept clean and never permitted to lie in her own filth. Her flanks, udder and belly should be brushed and wiped with a damp cloth.

THE BARN should be cleaned and all dust allowed to settle before milking.

If all these precautions fail to overcome the difficulty then we must resort to the use of disinfectants for it is certain that these germs do not originate in the milk. They are not in the milk when it leaves the cow, but they get into the milk when it leaves the cow, but they get into the milk from outside during milking or afterwards.

The stable must be cleaned and disinfected with two per cent. solution of corrosive sublimate or formaldehyde applied with a spray pump, and later the stable should be whitewashed. The cow's udder, flanks and teats, particularly the ends of the teats, must be thoroughly washed with a two per cent. solution or a three per cent. solution of boracic acid or both. The milker should wash his hands in the same solution and dry on a clean towel. These measures, carefully adhered to, should control every case of slimy,ropy or bitter milk caused by bad germs. It must be remembered, however, that there are other causes of poor milk, such as the physical condition of the cow, impure food or water and advanced period of lactation.

## Questions Answered

WILD GARLICK.—Can wild garlic on farm land be killed? If so which is the easiest way to get rid of it?

J. P., Oakmont, Pa.

A.—The bulbs of the wild garlic are so tenacious of life that they can not be effectively destroyed by ordinary means. For every scale that remains may propagate a new plant. Careful and persistent summer ploughing which effectively prevents leaf growth followed the second season by a cultivated crop with hand picking in the early spring will doubtless rid the land of a majority of these pests. Their eradication is a serious problem.

JOHNSON GRASS.—Two years ago I planted a piece of land to oats and it appears from results that there must have been Johnson grass seed mixed with the oats for some grass came up which I am told is Johnson grass. It has formed a great mass of roots and joints similar to cane so strong and compact that it will stop a two-mule team. I have been digging it up but it seems impossible to get rid of it. Can you tell me how to get rid of it? How would it do to dig around it and put salt on it? I have heard that to pasture it would kill it out. W. D. H., Wesson, Miss.

A.—The description scarcely suggests Johnson grass as the pest introduced with the oat seed, but without an examination we are unable to say what it may be. If you fence in the patch and feed a drove of hogs there for a year they will get rid of the pest. Hogs would prove too expensive and is scarcely feasible on a big patch of grass or other weeds. If you cannot use the patch for a hog yard try smothering and shading the grass out by continued cropping with broadcast fodder corn.

GETTING RID OF MOLES.—How can I get rid of ground moles in my lawn? I have repeatedly set traps but failed to catch a mole. I would be very thankful if you can suggest a remedy.

E. O. K., Sandusky, Ohio.

A.—The best way to get rid of moles on a lawn is to watch in the evening and early morning, and at time of rain, and when the earth is seen to move where a mole is burrowing dig quickly with a spade and throw out the mole and destroy it. We have done this very many times. See also a recent answer on this subject in this department. It should be quite possible to trap moles, if the trap is properly used.

SLIMY MILK.—The milk from our cow becomes slimy or stringy and clings to the pans after it has stood in the pans and soured. Please tell me the cause. I always have the pans perfectly clean and I rinse them in cold water just before straining the milk.

Mrs. O. E. M., Rexburg, Ida.

A.—Slimy orropy milk may be due to the cow being sick. If the cow is in good condition the slimy orropy consistency that develops in the milk on standing and soured is caused by germs (bacteria) getting into the milk from some outside source, usually from the water in which the utensils are washed or rinsed, which appears to be the cause in your case. Boiling the water will kill these germs. We advise you to scald the pans and other utensils with boiling water and dry them in the sun, but do not rinse in cold water. If the rinsing water is the source of infection then the sliminess will disappear. Otherwise we must search elsewhere for the cause. See article on "Bad Germs in Milk" in our Modern Farmer this month.

BITTER MILK AGAIN.—The question of E. L. N. of Narada, Mont., in April COMFORT describes a condition that is also bothering me but I do not quite understand the answer you made to that inquiry. The milk from our cow after standing 24 hours gets bitter, and of course the butter has the same taste. The cow has had the very best of care and feed. I have just the same trouble about churning that E. L. N. describes, churned six hours the last time and could not get butter at all, the cream only just foamed. Temperature was not the cause, as that was just right by my dairy thermometer. The cow has been in milk a long time and will come in fresh again in five or six weeks. I have been told that her condition might be the cause of the trouble and so have given up churning until after she comes in new milk again. In your answer to E. L. N. you say there is a bitter milk germ. What is the cause of this germ and is there any way to get rid of it? The milk will not sour in a week's time and turns bitter, although I scald the pans and even set the milk by the stove. I would be thankful for more information about the bitter milk germ.

Mrs. O. H. H., Hood River, Oregon.

A.—Bitter milk is frequently developed in cows that

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I have made an organ for Sir Adlai Stevenson.

I have made an organ for Sir Adlai Stevenson.

## Just Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

This is the grandest Washer the world has ever known. So easy to run that it's almost fun to work it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in double-quick time. Six minutes finishes a tubful.

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Don't send money. If you are responsible, you can try it first. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to 1900 Washer Co., 702 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 335 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.



## AGENTS \$22.50 A WEEK

New Irons to "kay" laundry. Easy to operate. Iron in half the time. Low in price. Fully guaranteed. Does big ironing for one cent. Quick easy sales—big profits. Mrs. Hammel, Mich., says: "Would not take \$25 for mine. Women's agents getting rich." Mrs. J. L. sold \$25 first week. Fitter, Iowa, sold

24 in three days. You can do as well. You need no experience, we'll show you how. Write quick for special terms. Foote Mfg. Co., Box 418 Dayton, O.

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to start with a deposit of \$2.50. When you have sold \$25.00 worth we refund you the deposit and you keep the samples. 100% profit. Goods free for examination.  
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**DR. SCOTT'S** Magnetic Spinal Supporting Corsets  
Relieve lame back, nervousness and other troubles. Prices, \$1. 50 and \$3. Write for 32-page catalogue of specialties and general terms.  
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Pall Mall Electric Co., 128 W. 34th St., N. Y.

## Liquor Habit Banished

The White Cross Anti-Liquor Society, chartered by the State of Missouri is distributing a remedy that can be administered in coffee or whiskey, without patient's knowledge, is absolutely harmless, and works wonders in a few days. Simply send name to H. C. Burget, Secretary, 619 Kemper Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN**  
We positively give to BOYS and GIRLS BEAUTIFUL American Made stem-wind-up watch with handsomely designed case and chain. GUARANTEED 6 YEARS. A \$1.50 ring, set in a diamond, is given with each watch. When you send \$2 and we will send watch, ring and chain. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dale Watch Co., Dept. 12 Chicago

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**SILK FOR CRAZY QUILTS**  
Big bargain package of clean new cuttings from finest silk cloth. Beautiful colors. Assorted designs. Price ten cents postpaid. PARISIAN SILK CO., 720 ROSE BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS**  
MADE AT HOME For YOURSELF or the CHILDREN  
From your own patterns and Mess of fine quality  
ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



**Suggesting some of its practical uses.**  
Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

**COMFORT** has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, or linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which is manufactured solely for woman's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites or Chemise, or for Baby's underclothes, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for many different pieces, it is a family supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, and it is nice enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

**CLUB OFFER.** We shall send one twelve yard piece of this First quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers to **COMFORT** at 2c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

who every year visit this place. Sometime I want to tell you more about it.

Wasn't Uncle Charlie's Easter sermon splendid? With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

Your friend,

Mrs. ANNIE COATS, Mammoth Cave, Ky.

Mrs. Coats. Thanks for the attractive postcard of Mammoth Cave, a place I have never seen. I should be so glad to have the booklet. Thanks.

I want to say just a word about your excellent remedy for rheumatism and give a word of caution.

In cases of weak or diseased hearts, oil of wintergreen must be taken in small doses and the heart's action daily observed.

There are so many forms of rheumatism, each requiring different treatment, that unless the oil of wintergreen was effective after a reasonable time, I should suggest discontinuing it. I have heard of this remedy curing very stubborn cases of a certain form of rheumatism.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please make room for a new member in your cosy corner?

I always turn to the Sisters' Corner first, for it is that in which I am most interested. I derive so much benefit from the letters.

Uncle Charlie must be a fine fellow, judging from his witty replies to the cousins' letters. They will surely cure the blues.

I am greatly troubled with rheumatism and know what it is to be sick. I cannot stay on my feet more than twenty minutes at a time but manage to do the housework for husband and three small children. It gives me the blues sometimes, but I just take Comsoar and sit down and read a while and forget all about my troubles.

If any of the good sisters know a remedy for rheumatism, will they please write me?

Will tell you something of myself, I am twenty-six years old, five foot tall, weigh about one hundred and ten pounds, black eyes, dark hair, and fair complexion. I was born and reared in Meade Co., Ky., and lived there all my life until nine years ago, when I came to Missouri with my parents.

I have been married nearly seven years to a dear good Lewis. I was a public school teacher before I married and afterwards about two years.

With success to COMFORT and dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie, I am

Mrs. Portlock. It is so helpful to me to find that our corner carries assistance and comfort to many homes, and all because we are banded together in our common interest.

Please notice Mrs. Coats's remedy for rheumatism in the above letter. I do wish you might find relief therein.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I will do my best to tell you all I can about this country. We have only been here two years and so of course have a great deal to learn yet. We are doing fine and since my last letter we have fenced forty acres of grain; also a fifteen acre piece of subirrigated land. We have cleared two acres of it which is covered with water moccins, something like willows. We got water at ten feet. We are going to move our house on the place so we can be close to the garden. When we get it cleared it will be a valuable piece of land. In this part of the country subirrigated land is very scarce. Everybody has to irrigate or lose most of their crops. We like this country better all the time because we enjoy better health.

Now you sisters who have good homes and don't have to irrigate, stay where you are, unless it is for your health you have to sell, for nothing grows well here unless it is irrigated. The summers are so hot it burns everything up. Don't let anybody make you believe you can "dry farm" in this part of Arizona, for it is wrong.

Now I will tell you what grows well here: Corn, melons, pumpkins, onions, peas, beans, chillie pepper, cabbage, beets, spinach, lettuce, radish, sweet potatoes, early rose potatoes but not late ones, sorghum, tomatoes do fine, strawberries do well where you have lots of water, also blackberries and figs.

Now about the climate, which I don't think could be better for anyone troubled with asthma, rheumatism, catarrh or lung trouble. We have fine water; all we have to do is to keep our wells clean. So far as I understand this has been the coldest winter in twenty years; the coldest being sixteen above zero in January. It has also been a very dry winter and we are having a late spring. We had no rain from October, 1911, till March, 1912. Everything is beautiful and green; lots of grass for pasture. In the summer there is the Mesquit beans which cattle get fat on. The hottest weather in July and August. We have heavy thunder and lightning storms; there are very few sand storms.

Hunting is pretty good. When the season is open there are quail, duck, geese, deer, and any amount of rabbits all the time.

Now about the reptiles: There are lots of them, but after they find out there are people around they try to keep away, but of course we are always on the watch during the warm weather. There are all kinds of snakes, the rattlesnake being the most dangerous. Then there is the centipede and tarantula, which are quite bad; also scorpions and skunks of all kinds, gila monsters are pretty bad, but don't let all these snakes scare you if you want to come to Arizona because they don't hunt for you; they are glad to get away. Very few people get bitten with them and we always keep medicine on hand in case of bites. We have never used any yet, except for ant stings on the children.

Wickenburg is a small town with almost five hundred inhabitants. There are a few mines outside of the town. Vulture mine being the largest. I think about sixty or seventy families live there.

Everything has been very dull here this winter. There is no land to be taken up in or around Wickenburg, being most all taken up as mining claims. The railroad runs right through the town, and is located fifty miles north of Phoenix. Our little town has three churches and one school which is attended by two teachers, two blacksmiths, one tinner, one lumberman, lumber forty dollars a thousand, one printing office, three stores, one meat market, one baker shop, no saloons, they had to close down.

All of you who are sick and wish to come to Arizona I think if I were in your place I would go to Phoenix, or around Salt River valley. It is a beautiful place and very healthy.

Mrs. J. E. Hill, Wickenburg, Ariz.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one sister of fifteen and mamma. We live alone as papa was killed in a wreck when I was a tiny baby.

Sister and I work and go to school when we can. Mamma works too, but it is hard, very hard to get along sometimes. We have no nice clothes like many other girls, for that would cost more than we make.

Mamma has worked and kept us with her, as she says she loves her babies too well to give them up.

Mamma is a good nurse, but there are a good many here, making it hard to get work all the time.

We often wish we could get a home with someone where mamma could be housekeeper.

I wish the sisters would write to me.

MISS GRACE BAIN, Roanoke, Va.

MRS. WILKINSON:

Dear friend, if you will let me address you so, I am a subscriber of your most excellent paper and having read your appeal for curing bed sores on some poor, little suffering boy, I wish to tell you my experience. Years ago I helped care for a dear friend who was suffering with consumption and had bedsores across her hips. There was no rest at all for her. We took beeswax and linseed oil, added a few drops of camphor and carbolic acid, a very little for fear of irritating the sores, and boiled it. Then spread it on heavy cloth (oiled silk would be fine), about one half inch thick, leaving plenty of space near the edges, to keep it from spilling out on the bedclothes, as it will stain. We applied it carefully, being very careful to smooth out all the creases. It stuck just as we left it and she said that it was such a relief. She lived a week or ten days after and died, and when we were preparing her for burial we removed the plaster and the sores were healed and well. Hoping this will help someone else I send it. But unfortunately I don't remember the proportions.

I remain yours truly,

MRS. ANDREW CARROLL, New Boston, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Have been a subscriber of COMFORT for over a year and think it the best investment I ever made. Have gotten so many good ideas therefrom. Sisters wasn't the Household Number just splendid?

Some of those devices are going to be installed in my home. But I especially appreciated that article on home nursing, but it was all good, every bit from cover to cover.

We find the farm page very helpful as we have only lived in the country a little over a year. My husband having been reared on a farm always longed for the fields and the brown earth, and I want to say to Mrs. Hartman of Brooklyn, that the city could not offer inducement enough to make me want to go back there to live. We are happy here. I have never found time to be lonely. It is a joy to watch things grow; to tend the fluffy little chicks. I can have all the flowers I want and I have lots of them. My table in summer is supplied with good, fresh things from the garden. I can turn my children out to play in God's beautiful out-of-doors and never need to worry who their companions are. When I get up these bright spring mornings and take deep breaths of pure fresh air it makes me glad to be alive; yes indeed, the farm for mine.

Do any of the sisters know how to prepare nasturtiums for the table? Have heard of nasturtiums and pickles, but have never found anyone who knew how to prepare them; this summer I shall have a big bed of them. I love the bright clean looking blossoms, but would value them doubly if they could be made pleasing to the palate as well as the eye.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. WM. BYERLEY, Moline, Sunnydale Farm, Iowa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

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Mrs. Portlock. It is so helpful to me to find that our corner carries assistance and comfort to many homes, and all because we are banded together in our common interest.

Please notice Mrs. Coats's remedy for rheumatism in the above letter. I do wish you might find relief therein.—Ed.

MRS. JAS. A. RICHARDSON, Adrian, R. R. 5, Mo.

Drop DUMPLING.—One egg, one pint of sweet milk or water, half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder and flour enough to make batter that will cling to the spoon. Sift the baking powder with a portion of the flour.

MRS. IVY B. MCKEE, Hicksville, Ohio.

RICE PUDDING.—Put one quart of fresh milk in a pudding dish, add three tablespoons of rice, two tablespoons sugar. Set on stove till it comes to a boil. Then put it into your oven and stir it about every fifteen minutes. Let bake very slowly until rice is well cooked. Flavor with vanilla. Eat when cold.

FRITTER CAKE.—One cup of sweet cream, two eggs, one cup of sugar, two pinches of salt, two teaspoons vanilla, two teaspoons baking powder and two cups of flour.

RHUBARB PIE FILLING.—Peel and cut in one half inch pieces two cups of rhubarb, pour over it two cups of boiling water in which one teaspoon of soda has been dissolved and drain immediately. Cool and add one beaten egg, one quarter teaspoon of salt, one and one half cups of sugar, two tablespoons of fine bread crumbs from toasted or dried bread, a little nutmeg, a grating of lemon peel and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Make a lattice upper crust by cutting the paste in strips, and putting it on crisscross; or use two egg yolks in filling and make a meringue for covering. The meringue is made by adding one cup of powdered sugar to each beaten white and slightly browning it in a hot oven.

WHITE CURRANT PIE.—Wash two cups of currants. Add one cup of sugar, two egg yolks, two tablespoons of butter and one half cup of water, or use no water at all if the currants are quite juicy. Bake and cover with meringue. Sour cherries and gooseberries may be used in the same way. In using huckleberries or blueberries, less sugar is needed, and a little lemon juice should be added. If currants and huckleberries are procurable at the same time, a delicious pie can be made by using half of each and leaving out the lemon.

LENA BELTNER, Grand Island, R. R. 4, Box 59, Nebr.

EXPENSIVE ICE CREAM.—For a gallon freezer full, take two and one half quart cups of sweet milk, put on stove in granite or porcelain kettle and heat to boiling. Dissolve six tablespoons of corn-starch in a little cold milk, add to hot milk and let come to a boil again. Next add a small pinch of salt, about one and one half cup of sugar and remove from stove. Then add a cup of cream or more if you have it and one and two teaspoons of flavoring. Let the whole get cold and then two teaspoons of flavoring.

MRS. MARIA SCHMIDT, Ableman, Wis.

BUTTERLESS, EGGLESS, MILKLESS CAKE.—Boil in saucepan for five minutes the following: One cup of brown sugar, two cups of raisins or part currants, one cup of hot water, one half cup of lard or fryings, one half teaspoon of ground nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, and one half teaspoon salt. Remove from fire and when cold add one teaspoon of soda dissolved

# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Certain Vegetables add to Woman's Beauty

I THINK I have told you oft before that if one longs for a perfect complexion and a litte well-rounded figure, one must eat for beauty as well as for the purpose of keeping intact the thread of life. Dull, spotted skins and frail constitutions come, often as not, from eating unwisely.

At this time of the year, more than any other, the girl who wishes to add to her good looks should place the ban on heavy meats and rich pastries, and, instead, pin her faith to uncooked vegetables and fresh fruits. Such a diet, if adhered to until fall, will improve the health amazingly, and this is one way of saying that the complexion and figure will improve in a corresponding degree.

Praise be unto the railroads that make it possible for each and everyone of us to indulge in green vegetables from one year's end to the other.

Instead of worrying the live-long day about your figure or your complexion, give them a chance to improve by eating lavishly of whatever fresh vegetables you can obtain. This is a sane way of beautifying, and costs but a little. The price you would be charged for a jar of skin food or a bottle of hair tonic would buy many vegetables. Remember that!

Take the tomato, for instance. There is nothing more appetizing to my mind than a few slices of cold tomato, slightly salted. What about vinegar as a dressing? Well, if you are a wise little maiden and wish to keep your skin white as snow, you will refrain from deluging your tomatoes with vinegar. Vinegar, I would have you to know, is credited with making the skin sallow and the eyes dull. Eat your tomatoes in their natural state, plus a wee bit of salt, as in this way you will receive the most benefit.

Perhaps the seeker after beauty is curious to know just what raw tomatoes can do for the girl who is minus good looks. In the first place, they purify the blood and this means pimples will not intrude upon you. This is something worth working for, is it not?

Secondly, they give a normal hue to eyeballs that are faintly tinged with yellow, owing to a refractory liver. Now, no girl in her senses likes to have eyeballs the color of mustard, so this little hint will be appreciated, I am sure.

Tomatoes, in their raw state, have also been found to do wonders for the complexion when applied externally. This is a beauty secret that your great-great-grandmothers knew full well, although I very much doubt if they realized that they were equally as beneficial when taken internally. That is as it may be.

With tomatoes to the right of you and tomatoes to the left of you, there is no chance for tan and sunburn to make a long visit. As soon as these unwelcome visitors put in their appearance, rub half of a ripe tomato either over your face, and let the red juice dry on the skin, then wash off. Do this three times for one whole week, and you will be rewarded by seeing the hideous brown tints disappear.

The juice of a raw tomato also makes a famous stain remover, which is a bit of information that the young housewife will be glad to hear. No need for ugly stains on pretty fingers if a ripe tomato is kept within reach.

Who wants pink cheeks? What, all of you? This is quite a surprise. Evidently pink cheeks are popular. Since you are so emphatic about it, I would advise you frivulous maids and matrons to eat—what? Carrots! Every woman who wants to take the trouble, can have lovely blush rose cheeks simply by eating a certain number of raw carrots daily. If you are wise in your day and generation you will fall into the habit of eating a huge carrot every two hours of the day. Do as I tell you, and midsummer will find you with cheeks like a pink rose.

You have doubtless often heard that "parsley is the broom that sweeps the stomach," but I doubt if you have ever given this treatment a trial. Why not do so now? If you will eat a number of tiny parsley sandwiches oft and on through the day, your complexion will improve amazingly. This is an easy way of adding to your stock of good looks, so do not disdain it.

You can also call parsley to your aid if you ever forget yourself so far as to partake of onions or garlic. After you have taken several nibbles of the parsley, your strong breath will be a thing of the past.

Used externally, parsley has magic qualities. Listen, and I will tell you the secret!—It makes a good bleach for a yellow skin. An ordinary parsley lotion can be made by boiling a handful of parsley in a quart of distilled water and then, after filtering, add fifteen grains each of powdered alum, pulverized camphor and powdered borax. Shake and apply to the skin twice a day, until the unbecoming tints have vanished.

I must not forget to say a good word for lettuce, as it has many beauty virtues. Whether used externally or internally, it is a wonder worker.

It makes a good stomach regulator and cleanser.

It cools the blood and for this reason should be partaken of lavishly on those days when the thermometer stands at ninety.

It quiets the nerves, therefore the sleepless girl should eat two or three lettuce leaves before slipping into bed.

Did you ever use a lettuce cream? If not, then to. The lettuce cream that I am particularly enthusiastic about is most effective when applied to an irritated skin. I am giving the recipe for this, my favorite cream, below:

**Lettuce Cream**  
Spermaceti, one half ounce; lettuce juice, one

ounce; white wax, one half ounce; almond oil, two ounces.

When ready to compound this dainty cream, put the oil, spermaceti and wax in a double boiler and warm until they mingle smoothly. The lettuce juice should now be added drop by drop, the mixture meanwhile being beaten steadily with an egg beater.

Last, but most assuredly not least, comes the reddish. Make a friend of this vegetable, those of you who will never see thirty again, as radishes are enemies to a wrinkled skin. Just think of that! This is not a fairy tale, but a fact. Radishes build up the tissues, and it is the shriveling away of the tissues that brings into existence those horrid lines. You can't eat too many radishes.

## Questions and Answers

**Anxious Miss.**—I know of no way to make the finger nails grow. If you will coat your nails with liquid quinine, you will have no desire to bite them. Your nails will look longer if you will keep the cuticle pushed down at the base of the nail until the half moon shows. Do this every day and I'll guarantee that in a month's time your nails will be long and much prettier than at present. If you would like me to print full directions for taking care of the nails, so you will be rosy and glossy, etc., etc., let me know.

**J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J.**—Katie Jean and others, if you are too stout, give the following treatment a trial as it generally gives good results.

## Epsom Salt and Lemon Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

I am giving below a remedy for removing superfluous hair in which I have a great deal of faith. Just two days ago I had a letter from a young girl who had been using it, under my direction, for eight months and she said that the hair on body and face had entirely disappeared. Doesn't that sound pretty good? Of course this treatment requires a great deal of patience but you can all have that if you really want it. If you will moisten hairy growth several times daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen, and will continue treatment for a number of months the hair roots will eventually die. Peroxide of Hydrogen bleaches the hair to invisibility and causes the roots to decay.

**Mrs. Nettle, Mrs. E. M. P. and others.**—Is this the formula you referred to?

## Egyptian Face Lotion

Dissolve one teaspoonful of flower of sulphur in a half cup of sweet milk and let stand for several hours, then strain. With this novel liquid go over the face and neck twice daily.

**Discouraged Josie.**—I do not know of the lotion you refer to. Please refer to my reply to J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J.

**Rose Marie, Hyacinth, Agatha and Regina, Christmas and others.**—You should subject your too fleshy nose to a severe kneading with dry fingers for ten minutes daily. This treatment, if given after the nose has been steamed for ten minutes, will break down the fatty cells. It will take several months for your lashes to grow the length you mention. Try lemon juice, rubbing it into the spots every night and letting it dry on. Your mother is a young woman. I think it probably is the blood. She should be careful not to become constipated, as that will cause brown spots to flock to her face. I also wish to impress upon her the necessity of drinking two quarts of fresh water daily, as the system needs that amount of liquid.

**Hilma, N. E. S. B.**—Steam the scars for several minutes every day, then immediately rub a little cream into them and knead and rub the unsightly spots with the tips of the fingers for several minutes. If you persist with this daily treatment, the scars should be gone inside of a week, or at the most, two weeks.

**L. S. O., Lena, Miss Guss and others.**—I suggest that you try the hot water treatment, using, if you must, sugar and cream in it. You should also see to it that you are not in any way constipated, as this will bring liver spots in its train. Endeavor to keep your skin in a healthy condition by massage and frequent scrubbings. A good face bleach, would not be amiss.

## Almond Meal Face Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep

this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks when your skin will be beautifully white and soft as satin.

**Worried Girlie, In Despair, Anxious and others.**—Your red nose may be caused by tight lacing or tight cuffs, collars, sleeves, shoes, stockings and belts. Indigestion or constipation would also cause it. I am printing a nose bleach below and would suggest that you wear snug but not tight clothing. Watch out for constipation and refrain from eating candy, cake, pie, rich preserves, fried foods, especially meats, ice cream sodas, etc.

## Nose Bleach

Powdered calamine, one dram; zinc oxide, one half dram; glycerine, one half dram; cherry laurel water, four ounces. Shake bottle before using and mop lotion on nose night and morning.

**Marian, Mulkeytown, Ill., Too Thin.**—Miss Berna and others.—You live right near my old home, Herrings Prairie, which is not so very far from Mulkeytown. As to your case, I think you might try the milk diet, if you have no heart trouble, but you must expect to get flesher as milk is a great flesh producer as well as a blood purifier. In the beginning you had better try one quart of milk daily, then, when you are used to this amount, increase to two, then to three and finally to four. You will have to persist with this treatment for several months, and in the meantime try to get out of doors as much as you can, sit out in the sunlight in your yard and walk around quite a little. Do not go to bed. As to the milk the richer it is, the better, but if it being so rich sickens you, why skim off some of the cream. Take a glassful at a time, and spend five minutes swallowing contents of glass, each mouthful should be swished around in the mouth for several seconds, so it will become salivated and not cause indigestion. Milk is a food, remember, and needs to be chewed just as much as beefsteak. If you swallowed beefsteak without chewing it, you would have indigestion, and precisely the same thing happens if you swallow milk without "chewing" it. When you are on the four quarts of milk, begin on this diet when you first get up in the morning and take a glassful every half hour through the day until your milk is gone. Your one meal should be at night, after you have finished with your milk. It should consist of broiled, roasted or baked meats, not pork, which is very hard to digest, fresh vegetables, cocoa, soup if you like it and desserts such as custard, rice pudding and baked apples. Pie and cake, hot biscuits and breads and fried meats or potatoes must not be eaten as they are bad for the digestion and the fried things, in particular, have had most of the nutriment fried out of them. Bake, boil, roast and broil your foods.

**Unhappy, Smarty, In Haste, Miss J., John's Sweetheart and others.**—You should weigh about one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, your waist should not measure more than twenty-five inches and your bust should be thirty-eight, although forty would be permissible. I refer you to the reducing treatment spoken of in my reply to J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J. If this treatment does not appeal to you try the following:

**Rosemary.**—The toilet vinegar should be diluted one third with water, if it irritates the skin, otherwise, not.

**Miss Mary C.**—I dislike to give you a bust reducing lotion as your bust is not at all large. I suggest that you let it alone.

**L. A. A., Tennessee, Carlotta, Margaret, Sadie and others.**—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you do not wish to fall a victim to a blotchy face, and of course you don't, taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. The hands will remain soft and white if you will hold them for ten minutes daily in a bowlful of warm sweet almond oil. Warts can generally be banished by dampening them with water, then rubbing them with salt and letting salt remain on for ten minutes. Do this several times and it is said the warts will disappear. Use a good rice powder. Wash your face every night in warm soapy water, then rinse off the soiled lather with tepid water (cLean) and dry the skin thoroughly. Next massage into the face a little bit of skin food.

## Orange-flower Skin Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoanut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

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Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, fluting it with an egg beater until cold. In the morning, wash face in tepid water, then dash cold water over face, then dry skin. Naturally you do not want a mustache, so read my reply to J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J. You should brush your teeth after every meal and just before going to bed. It is best to use a tooth powder or paste. Short skirts are fashionable, but be careful not to get them too short. Coffee is very bad for the complexion, as it makes it sallow. I am giving below a simple freckle lotion.

## Simple Freckle Lotion

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water. Wear a hat out of doors, but indoors, unless you are dusting or sweeping—in which case wear a mob cap—it is not necessary to cover up the hair.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT.

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## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

M. S. B., Chester Springs, Pa.—It is quite proper for a young lady to accept a box of candy from her "gentleman friend," but she shouldn't call him that.

Girlie, Proctorsville, O.—No etiquette on earth can tell what peculiar hieroglyphics a tender swain will use in closing his letter to the girl he likes. You will have to ask him what they mean, for he alone knows.

J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—There is no rule of time when a boy should put on long trousers, but the nifty youngsters take off their fantauros as soon as they can. Nor is there any set age when boys shall "mingle with girls." Some begin to mingle early, while others don't get nerve enough till late, too late, sometimes.

Troubled Girl, Vivian, La.—Sixteen-year-old girls do very foolish things, and your loving this married man who doesn't want your love is about as fool a thing as one can do. Gather some sense into your silly noodle and quit it.

Miss. Cousin, Pine Valley, Miss.—Etiquette does not permit a fifteen-year-old girl to write to a young man she has never met, even if he is her brother's schoolmate. Wait five years.

M. A. W., Boise, Ida.—If the seventeen-year-old girl is through school, etiquette permits her, with her parents' consent, "to keep company with a nice moral boy of twenty."

L. J. M., Lord's Valley, Pa.—If you were the lady's friend and called her by her first name before she was married, you may continue to do so, unless she asks you to call her "Mrs.."

Two Girls, Cattaraugus, N. Y.—All your young men callers should be informed at what hour they should go home in the evening. Then you need not hint. It is not safe for a girl to have her picture taken with a young man, except in a group. If a sixteen-year-old girl's mother does not want her to go walking or riding with a young man, she should not do so. It is not proper to accept presents of jewelry on birthdays, or other days from young men.

True Boy, Hazleton, Ind.—You go right ahead loving this good little fourteen-year-old sweetheart of yours till she is twenty and you are twenty-five, and then tell your mercenary parents to go to Halifax with their rich girls. Maybe in five years neither you nor your little sweetheart will think as you now do. It's mighty safe to wait and see.

Mistletoe, Milton, N. O.—The young man did properly in breaking the engagement as you are in love with another young man also. Neither etiquette nor man can tolerate that.

Bridget, Rivesville, W. Va.—What may be said in passing conversation among several people "jollying" each other should not be taken seriously as it is not so intended. The person who does is sure to be in social difficulties always.

Troubled, Elliott, Ia.—If the young lady invites you to stop at her house in the country during your visit to her, it will be proper for you to do so.

Darling, Peabody, Kans.—It is good manners and good religion to write asking the forgiveness of anyone whom you have offended or injured in any way.

J. A. R., Hope, Ark.—Men who tip their hats to ladies on the street whom they do not know should be treated as maskers, and not by the ladies, but by good-mannered, bushy men. This should be the rule in small towns as well as big ones.

Ignorance, Flagler, Colo.—When a gentleman asks to see a lady home she should tell him she will be glad to go with him, if she wants to go. If not, she may say she is sorry, and give him any excuse she may have to offer. Arriving at her house she may ask him in if it is not late, and she should tell him it was very nice of him to come with her. These elementary things are not to be done by rule, but in any pleasant way that will suggest itself to an intelligent and appreciative person. The finest politeness is natural politeness.

Butter Cup, Baird, Texas.—The engagement ring usually tells of the engagement without questions being asked. If there is no ring, you may do as you please about telling of it. If you tell one though, you should tell all. It is quite permissible to kiss your fiance good night, but don't tell that.

Mischief, Brainerd, Minn.—There are no rules of etiquette in love affairs and young men and women may treat each other's emotions any old way they please and still be good form.

Puzzled Girl, Nortonville, Kans.—If you do visit at the house of the young man you must do so as the guest of his mother or sister. You cannot go to his town and stop at a hotel unless you want to lose your reputation. His visiting you at your home is quite another matter. It is wise to learn what his financial ability is before marrying him, though you need not necessarily ask him. He should tell you without asking.

Lili, Dowegiac, Mich.—Etiquette provides no rules controlling the meeting of a young man and young woman who have not met before, but expect to meet and become acquainted. Such meetings are irregular and you must make your own rules.

Subscriber, Aitkin, Minn.—Engaged couples must govern their conduct according to the wishes of each other. So long as they are fully agreed what each may do separately, they should get along very satisfactorily. Harmony is the chief consideration.

Lesion, Virginia, Ill.—The return of your letter with the article you ordered was not an insult, but a bus man's way of sending what you wanted and your letter to show that your instructions had been followed. It is not good manners, but it is considered good business.

M. F., Graham, Texas.—When one goes into any business place and asks to see the manager, without knowing him, it is not customary to shake hands with him. If he offers to shake hands that makes a difference.

W. B., Manchester, N. H.—Ordinarily the man tries to keep to the outside when walking with a lady, but it is not necessary to change sides if the street is frequently crossed. (2) Take the "eating utensils" off of the plate when "passing it to the server."

Carefulness, Concord, N. C.—It is quite proper for a lady to ask an unknown correspondent if he is married. It is still more proper for a lady not to take the risk of writing to people of whom she knows nothing.

Three Chums, De Smet, S. Dak.—Sunday evenings have become, in some parts of the country, the most popular for receiving men callers. It is unsanitary to kiss, but it continues just the same. An engagement ring may be worn as long as the wearer pleases to wait to be married. Gentlemen may smoke in company with ladies if the ladies do not object. But a gentleman should never smoke on the street with a lady, at least, until late at night when the streets are deserted.

M. D. S., St. Louis, Ill.—Moved by a passing fancy to hit one man and marry another, both decent men, too, as it happens, you are now, though a mother, plowing for the first time and all we can say is that it is your kind of half-baked women who make so many marriages no more than a mockery and bring infinite sorrow and pain to many innocent men and children. Try to redeem yourself if you can and be true to your husband and child.

Anxious, McCook, Nebr.—Etiquette knows no rule by which a girl shall answer "Yes" to a young man's proposal, yet we know of no record of any girl ever losing a man when she had him that close. Don't say a word, just fall into his arms and hide your face upon his manly bosom. He'll know what that means.

We girls, Wakefield, Nebr.—There being two girls and one "friend"—masculine is to be inferred—who has a preference, it is the best manners for the unpreferred to accept none except absolutely necessary invitations from either to accompany them anywhere. The two may really want the one to go with them, sometimes, but they'll manage somehow to get along fairly well if she does not.

Blonde, Choteau, Mont.—It is entirely the lady's privilege to say whether the man shall smoke or not in her presence and any man who resents her saying he shall not, should seek the company of ladies who do not object to smoking.

Blondie, Harrisburg, Pa.—When a box of candy is brought to you by a young man you should open it at once with every show of appreciation and let him help you nibble it as you take it. (2) Addressing a letter to a young man as "Kind Friend," sounds as though you had got it out of a "Polite Letter Writer" and didn't know any better. "Dear Mr. —," or "My dear Mr. —" is the usual form and answers unless you know him well enough to call him by his first name, then you put it "Dear Harry" or something like that and still it is only the friendly form. If the man has a title you may use that, as "My dear Doctor." "Friend" has become rather old-fashioned and stiff.

Wilber, Aurora, Ill.—It is very bad form for an eighteen-year-old girl to ride on delivery wagons with young men she knows, unless she happens to be on a country road and the young man gives her a "lift." It is not only bad form, but it is positively coarse and common.

D. E. F., Arlington, Wash.—It is quite proper to propose to a young lady by letter, especially as you live half the width of the continent away from her. We should say that your one hundred dollars a month would be ample to support you both and it is more than most young fellows of twenty-two are earning.

Rose Cheek, Minto, N. Dak.—If you do not have your new address when leaving, so the young man could write, you should send it to him as soon as you want to hear from him in the new place. As a rule though, the young man should write first. No kissing at the station when you go away or come back, unless you are engaged. That is the usual sign that people are engaged, or married.

Lonesome, Butler, O.—If the young man is formal and is not a skilled letter writer he will address his letter to the young lady: "Dear Friend." Otherwise he will write "My dear Miss Kitty," or "My dear Kitty," according as he may know her.

N. B., Maxwell, Colo.—In any church, theater or other public place of meeting the man precedes the lady, except in the church which she attends and knows better than he the location of her pew. The rule is that the man should always precede the lady unless she wants to lead the way herself and he defers to her.

R. O. D., Evergreen, Fla.—A lady may do as she pleases about rising to shake hands with a young man in the house, but in street car she certainly should not rise. It is proper for her to shake hands on parting with a young man she has just met, unless the meeting has been very casual, or on the street. What people should say to each other when introduced is a matter between them and set rules cannot be given, any more than what they should talk about after they have been introduced. The usual style is to say: "I am glad to meet you."

### The Travadi Diamonds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

you can. The waves will carry you ashore. Now!"

The next moment I was floundering in the sea with Miss Debl in my arms.

Why did the Hindu thief urge, and use his mysterious hypnotic influence to impel Bancroft and Miss Debl to jump into the raging waves so far from the island and before the ship struck, even before it was certain that the ship might not pass the rocks in safety? Why not have waited?—and if the ship should strike would they not stand a better chance of reaching the island in the life-boats? Is the ship wrecked, or does she escape? What becomes of the Hindu thief? Where are the diamonds? Was it the genuine necklace or a paste reproduction that Bancroft found in his pocket? What is the fate of Miss Debl?

The situation develops a most unusual moment I was floundering in the sea with Miss Debl in my arms.

DEAFNESS, Head Noises Cured.



98 cents  
Post Paid

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

expected outcome with thrilling incidents in the intensely interesting last half of this story which

WILL BE CONCLUDED IN JULY COMFORT.

Take no chance of missing July COMFORT. Look at the wrapper on this paper, and if the number above your name on the wrapper is 285 or less, renew your subscription at once, today, if you wish to make sure of receiving July COMFORT. We can not furnish back numbers to those who let their subscriptions run out and miss one or more issues of COMFORT before they renew.

### Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM MAY NUMBER.

PURE kept the big hickory nut in her apron pocket for she did not intend to give it to the squirrel until she was sure that the fellow was leading her in the right direction. They had walked for miles and miles, when suddenly Paul gave a scream of delight for sure enough in the distance, he saw the very oak tree that they both knew was right near their home.

"Don't be too gay yet," warned the squirrel, "that tree is many miles away and there is a deep hole in the ground to be passed before we get there."

After many hours of weary tramping they came so close to the tree that they felt as if they could grab it but suddenly at their very feet they saw a ravine that no human being could ever cross. Paul dropped a stone into it to see if he could tell by the sound how deep it was, but it took so long before he heard the splash at the bottom that it chilled his blood and scared him worse than he had ever been.

"It is the same tree that we played under many a time, Prue," he said, "but it is on the other side of this hole, and no one can ever get to it."

"Let us walk along until we come to the end of it," she advised, but the squirrel told them it would take a year to do it.

"Kind providence, help us," prayed Paul, and just then a thunderbolt came out of the heavens and knocked the tall oak over. It fell in such a way that it formed a bridge over the chasm and without more ado Prue handed the big hickory nut to the squirrel and they ran home in safety. Their parents were watching out the door and soon they were enfolded in eager, outstretched arms.

THE END.

29 MAGNIFICENT POST CARDS 10c. Flowers, Birthday, Greetings, Love, Good Luck, Best wishes, Congratulations, Holiday, etc., 1000 for \$1.50. Send now. NATH'L Nov. Co., 421 EAST 77 C. STREET, NEW YORK

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

DEAFNESS, Head Noises Cured.

Trial Treatment FREE. Address DR. EDWARD GARDNER, SUITE 12, 38 WEST 330 ST., NEW YORK CITY.

1912 LEADER Send 12 CENTS for a DOLLAR PATTERN RING. ROLLED GOLD SHELL SIGNET, raised scrolls on sides. Initial engraved FREE. Defiance Co., 48 W. B'way, N.Y.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold-finished chains and feel your friends a greater pleasure. Initials work. Ships over the ocean, neatly adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. Y, BRONXTOWN, N.J.

### GRAND PRIZES PAID

COMFORT'S Great Subscription Prize Contest Closed April Monthly Prizes Paid

COMFORT'S Fourth Great Subscription Prize Contest which opened October 1, 1911, and closed April 30, 1912, included a separate list of prizes awarded and paid each month ranging from \$50.00 to \$1.00 each, doubling and thriling to those who won them month after month, and including 34 Grand Prizes ranging from \$250.00 to \$5.00 each covering the entire seven months' period.

We have paid these monthly prizes month by month, as each monthly contest closed, and have announced the names of all the prize-winners in COMFORT, except the winners of the Grand Prizes and the April monthly prizes, which are printed below.

As many of the April prize-winners also won a Grand Prize, to save repeating, we print the names of those who won both prizes in the Grand Prize list only, and in the April monthly list only those of the April Prize-winners who did not win a Grand Prize also.

### LIST OF GRAND PRIZE-WINNERS

Showing also the April and other monthly prizes won by them.

Name	Grand Prize	April Prize	Other Month- ly Prizes	Total Won in Six Months
E. Wagoner, Ill.	\$250.00	\$5.00	\$750.00	\$1050.00
Jas. R. McCready, Pa.	125.00	100.00	125.00	350.00
Ada Humphrey, Ky.	65.00		245.00	310.00
Anne Moelers, Ill.	40.00	20.00	17.00	77.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.	20.00	10.00	25.00	55.00
Louis Asenbaur, Wis.	10.00		26.00	36.00
S. R. Harkness, Mo.	5.00	4.00	14.00	23.00
Fairleena Biley, Ky.	5.00	3.00	12.00	20.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.	5.00		12.00	17.00
Mary Berry, W. Va.	5.00	1.00	9.00	15.00
C. A. Brown, Mich.	5.00	6.00	2.00	13.00
Laura Lindsay, Va.	5.00		8.00	13.00
Anne Jacobson, Calif.	5.00		7.00	12.00
Jas. McBride, Tex.	5.00		5.00	10.00
Mrs. M. L. Cook, Ark.	5.00		5.00	10.00
Mrs. W. E. Cabines, Va.	5.00		4.00	9.00
Mrs. J. P. Sykes, Ga.	5.00	2.00	1.00	8.00
Mrs. M. Barney, N. Y.	5.00		3.00	8.00
Mrs. H. Noland, Ohio.	5.00		2.00	7.00
Myrtle Pethoud, Neb.	5.00		3.00	8.00</td



**PORTRAITS** frames pictures-better-quicker-cheaper. Agents write at once. **C. P. CORY CO., Chicago.**

**Fascinating Card Game.** 10 CENTS SILVER. DUNNING CO., Asbury, N. C.

**Inventions** patented free; sold on commission; Fine inventions for sale. **ADAM FISHER**, 91-3, St. Louis, Mo.

**NOX-EM** Lady Agents 200%. Sample 10c. and stamp. **NOEM CO.**, Springfield, Ohio.

**6% NET** To Investors in Our Farm Mortgages. **W. A. Matteson Mfg. Co.**, Johnson, Ind.

**ELECTRIC** House Lighting Plants, Telephones, Dynamos, Lamps, Engines, Railways, Batteries, Belts, Books, Big Cat. 3c. **Ohio Electric Works**, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**GINSENG** is easily grown. **CLEAR\$ \$100** per square rod. Book. **T. J. STOUT**, C 383, EDINBURG, IND.

**PATENT** Ideas in Big Demand. My patents protect. Terms liberal, fees low. "The Truth About Patents" sent FREE. **Jan. B. Mansfield**, Dept. G, Washington, D. C.

**Gold Finished Signet Ring** Your initial free. Will stand acid test, 10c. each or 3 for 25c. **M. WANER**, Pennington, N. J.

**OLD COINS WANTED** \$7.75 paid for rare 1853 quarter; \$30. for half dollar. Keep money dated before 1850, and send 10c. for new Coin Value Book. May mean a fortune. **A. H. KRAUS**, 210 KRAUS BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**EXTENSION BRACELET FREE** This handsome Gold Bracelet, set with sparkling Amethysts, given for selling 20 NEW MEXICO Gold Bars. \$100.00 each. We trust you. Write for 20 pictures. **GEN. ART COMPANY**, Battle Creek, Mich.

**AGENTS** My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15 cents for 50-cent size, postpaid. **DR. LYONS**, Box D, 2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

**Live Agents Wanted** Hustlers to handle our attractive combination pack ages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made \$65 in 47 hrs., another \$21 in 8 hrs., another \$25.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. **DAVIS SOAP WORKS**, 311 DAVIS BLDG., CHICAGO.

**FIFTY CENTS** 

**Are You Troubled** with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Self Heating Iron** NEW "STANDARD" Makes and contains its own heat. Works while it is heating, heats while it is working. Saves miles walking.

**SAVES ITS COST EVERY MONTH.** Economical, safe, convenient. The "Standard" is stove, fuel, heat—all in one. **Fire is inside.**

Carry it about, go where you please. Don't stay in hot kitchen; iron any place, any room, on porch, or under shade tree. Go right along. One thing after another. All kinds of clothes are ironed better in half the time. No waiting, no stopping to change irons. Right heat. Easily regulated. No time wasted. Iron on table all the time, one hand on the iron, the other to turn the pulp remains natural color.

**MRS. KATHIE SHEPHERD**, Keating, Oregon.

**STURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.**—One of the things that gives the greatest relief is whole wheat cooked four or five hours in a double boiler. Eat some with each meal. Another great help is to take a glass of water as soon as one wakes in the morning. In about ten minutes take another, repeating this three or four times if possible before breakfast. In case water cannot be taken alone the juice of a lemon or orange may be added. An exercise of great value in these cases is to lie on the floor before dressing in morning. Raise limbs at right angles to the body, taking four or five seconds to raise and lower. Raise first one limb, then the other, then both together. Continue for four or five minutes. This strengthens the muscles of abdomen. Deep breathing in the open air is also excellent.

**MRS. W. O. LABANTE**, Mountain View, R. R. 1, Mo.

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**MRS. ALICE M. JAQUES**, Sequim, Wash.

**ITCHING SKIN.**—Four drams of oil of cade, six drams of sulphur, four drams of vaseline. Mix thoroughly and apply to skin. After two applications bathe parts.

**MRS. LUNA E. GAINES**, Paris, R. R. 7, Texas.

**WORMS.**—Mix one teaspoon of powdered sage with two of granulated sugar and give before breakfast for three mornings in succession, then follow with senna tea until bowels are well cleansed. Repeat in three days.

**MISS ALICE BYERS**, Longdale, Okla.

**COLIC.**—Fill bag with ashes as warm as can be borne and place over the bowels.

**CONSTIPATION.**—Boil two tablespoons of bran in a pint of water two hours, strain and take as food. Make fresh every day.

**PEARL MILLER**, Danvers, R. R. 2, Box 18, Ill.

**Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home**

If oil cloth is occasionally rubbed with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine it will last longer.

A simple disinfectant for the sick room. Put some fresh ground coffee in a saucer, and in the center place a small piece of camphor gum, which light with a match. As the gum burns, allow sufficient coffee to consume it. This gives a pleasant odor.

To fill cracks in plaster, use vinegar instead of water to mix your plaster with, and it will not dry as quickly and you won't have to hurry so.

**MISS VIOLA HELMUTH**, 4822 N. Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The shine may be taken from broadcloth or other heavy woolen materials by sponging with ammonia. Five drops in a wineglass of warm water and a small fine sponge are necessary. Dampen the cloth a little and rub it hard. Hang to dry, out of the dust.

Sprinkle a tablespoon of salt around cabbage plants to keep away cut worms.

Ammonia in warm water will remove whitewash from carpets.

A pinch of soda added to stewed sour fruit makes less sugar necessary in sweetening.

To remove mildew, dip the stained cloth in buttermilk and lay in the sun.

To remove grease from carpets, sprinkle thickly with corn-starch and cover with a newspaper. Leave for a day or two, then sweep it off and the carpet will be clean.

Boiling a pint of vinegar in the tea kettle will remove the lime deposit. Scrape and rinse well.

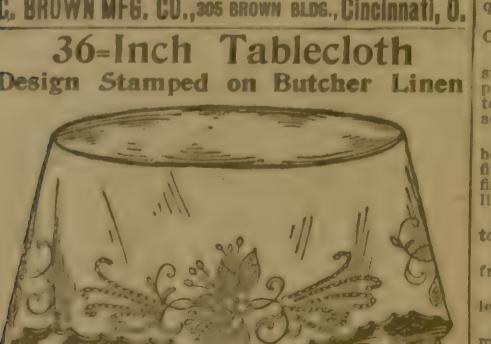
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When scrubbing windows, woodwork and stairs an ordinary whisk broom is much more convenient to get the dirt out of corners and crevices than a scrubbing brush.

**Club Offer.** We shall send one 30x36 Cloth, design clearly and distinctly stamped, for a club of but two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



ready to embroder with agosto and solid patches, or either lace or agosto. Augusto cloth is very soft, soft, and when embroidered, it is a most beautiful article. Table cloths are always useful, you can't have too many, and it is better to have the lace style. You know we depend on New York City for all our fancy work ideas and are presenting only the newest things from time to time. So whatever we offer is either the most popular or the most fashionable work of the moment. This Cloth in 36 inch size is large enough for regular size table and will work out most satisfactorily. Let us have your order early for one or more. Excellent for girls.

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## COMFORT

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

#### Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

as the receptacles will hold; pour in the water in which the asparagus was boiled. Have this water come up to the brim of the jars. Then seal them. Cook them forty-five minutes and then open the vent to let the air out. Fasten them as tightly as possible and put them away in a cool, dark place. Glass cans are the best to use for this purpose.

**TOMATO MARMALADE.**—Required four pounds of tomatoes, four pounds of loaf sugar, three lemons, half a pint of water. Stalk and wipe the tomatoes; put them into boiling water for a minute or so, then peel them and slice quickly. Take all the skin and pith off the lemons; slice these thinly and remove pits; now put the water into a preserving pan with the sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved. Remove the seeds as the seeds rise, and boil for five minutes; then put in the tomatoes and lemon. Boil quickly, skim, and stir carefully. When it is so thick that it hangs thickly on the spoon, pour it into the clean, dry jars, and tie down tightly with parchment covers.

**RED TOMATO CATSUP.**—Wash and slice a peck of red tomatoes. Put them on the fire in the preserving kettle and boil them thirty minutes. Then press them through a fine sieve and return to the fire, add now a rounded teaspoon of cayenne, half a cup each of salt and sugar, a third of a cup of mustard smooth in a little cold water, three cups of cider vinegar and a tablespoon each of allspice, broken stick cinnamon, cloves and celery seed tied in a piece of cheese-cloth. Boil slowly two and a half hours then remove it from the fire, and bottle and seal while hot.

E. H. OAKST, 58 Berkshire Place, Irvington, N. Y.

#### Remedies

**INGROWING TOE NAILS.**—Apply a good-sized pinch of tannin to affected part, bandage and moisten with whiskey or alcohol. Dress twice a day and toe will soon improve. This remedy is painless.

MRS. CORA MAGUIRE, Hollister, Okla.

**INGROWING TOE-NAILS.**—Take pure mutton tallow and beat in a spoon as hot as you can bear the finger in, and drop on all the sore spots on the toe and around the nail. Do this three or four times a day, and if you can bear to lift the corners of the nail with a pen knife, insert a small piece of crude wool and do not use cotton, as the wool is springy and cotton mats down hard, also soak the foot in real warm water to which has been added a tablespoon of salt and baking soda and leave the foot in for twenty minutes; this is excellent for drawing out the inflammation.

**FOR BURNS.**—Mix baking soda and water about as thick as cream and apply to the burn. This will keep the skin from blistering.

MRS. L. C. AMES, Bouleets, Pa.

**MOTHERS.**—During last two months, drink before going to bed, one cup of strong hot tea. Take quite hot.

MRS. CLARA CARPENTER, Canute, Box 82, Okla.

**HIVES.**—Add one teaspoon each of camphor and soda to one pint of water, and bathe affected parts. HELEN ALCORN, Grandvalley, R. R. 1, Pa.

**CHASED BABIES.**—First bathe infants frequently as the urine irritates the tender skin which soon becomes red and painful. Use very little soap. Rinse diapers free from soap, use no bluing, and use without ironing. A very slight dusting of corn-starch is sometimes beneficial. —Ed.

**RINGWORMS.**—Yellow dock root or leaves, steeped in vinegar, and applied.

**CRUPO.**—In extreme cases take a teaspoon of sugar, and add not more than three drops of coal oil (kerosene) and feed to child.

**SORE THROAT.**—One pint of vinegar, four tablespoons of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a very little cayenne pepper, boiled three or four minutes. Use as gargle every few hours. Where the patient is feverish, apply grated red beet to the swollen throat. The beet will turn dark and should be changed until the pulp remains natural color.

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Mrs. E. D. MILLHEIM, New Albany, Pa.

A paste of brick dust, ammonia and kerosene is good to clean with.

## DEAFNESS

How to Overcome It  
Good News for those Afflicted. Success  
by Natural Treatment after Doc-  
tors and Hospitals Fail.

There is an eminent New York physician who has had over 32 years of experience and who does not hesitate to assert that he has a remarkably successful home treatment for deafness and head noises such as buzzing, ringing, etc., in the ears.

This successful specialist is Dr. Coutant, a diplomated, certified and registered physician who has served the U. S. Government as a medical official and who has held other high positions. This noted physician makes some very straightforward and remarkable statements, all of which he announces he is ready to absolutely prove to those who desire to know the truth.

Dr. Coutant states that the only true method of conquering deafness completely is by removing the causes of it.

In nine cases out of every ten, the Doctor claims the cause is an inflammation of membranes of the ear or passages thereto.

He asserts that the dominating cause of deafness is one that can, in most cases, be reached by means akin to those provided by Nature, applied externally. He is opposed to the old systems of druging; he proves that vibration, katalizing and other applications are by far the most successful.

### WHY PEOPLE REMAIN DEAF

Dr. Coutant explains how people try one doctor, hospital or remedy after another, yet are never cured of their deafness. Most ear specialists resort to powerful drugs, electric batteries, alcoholic tonics, use of surgical instruments and catheters. Dr. Coutant says: "Let me treat a dozen or thousand deaf persons in their own homes, they need never come near my office nor see me. They need never swallow a teaspoonful of medicine nor submit to any surgical operation. I am confident that double as many of these deaf persons will regain their hearing by my method as if they were being treated in specialists' offices or in hospitals."

Dr. Coutant has written a treatise. It is a most interesting book, giving a great amount of valuable information. Many have said it is worth its weight in gold. As a special gift to our readers the Doctor has decided to give a copy of his new treatise, free to every one who applies.

### HE WILL GIVE IT FREE

There will be no charge whatever for this valuable work on the subject of deafness, head noises, their causes and how to cure them at home in the quietude of one's room, speedily, safely and lastingly.

To obtain this book free, it is only necessary to write to Dr. George E. Coutant, 7-P, Station E, New York, N. Y. The treatise will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, free of cost. Those who are deaf (or becoming so) as well as those who are interested in others thus afflicted should take this opportunity, as it may not be given again. We know the Doctor to be an honorable, reliable deafness expert whose greatest pleasure in life is in enabling deaf people to regain perfect hearing. A letter addressed to him as above, asking for his treatise, will bring it promptly and he will cheerfully give his opinion upon any case, free.

## FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as hay-fever or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

### FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 286C,  
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

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## Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 99 Alhambra Bldg.,

Syracuse, N. Y.

### REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

You ought not to wait another day before trying Bod-Tone, which many of your neighbors have used to the great and lasting improvement of their health. You ought to test it, because you can get it on trial. You need not pay a penny unless it greatly benefits you. Read the liberal Bod-Tone trial offer on page 23 of this paper and send for a box.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

**S**o this is June and it came very soon after January, didn't it, my dears? It doesn't seem any time at all since I was talking to you about resolutions for the new year, and now I am ready to talk about Summer Girls. Heigho, how time flies. Anyway, this is June the fairest month of the year and I do hope that all the year and every year will be June to you. That would be lovely wouldn't it? But don't worry. It won't be, for before long I'll be talking about the dear November. Still there is Thanksgiving in November and that is cheerful to think about. However, there is work now, June or no June, and I must get at it.

The first letter I take up is from Waiting Hope of Morrill, Iowa, and she doesn't want to marry a man who drinks, and the only one in her neighborhood who doesn't is so bashful and slow he won't make love to her and even doesn't take her to places she wishes he would, and she wants to know what to do. I think if I were in her place I would declare my independence of the men and make my own way. Then she will be certain not to get a drinking man or a stupid one for a husband. These are the days of independent women.

Blue Eyes, Callaway, Va.—Drop him by all means. I'm sure he loves you, but that shouldn't make any difference to a girl who has to ask outside people what she should do in a matter which interests her more than anyone else.

Q. T. Bunch, Tempe, Ariz.—I certainly would advise you or any girl to throw over any young man who thinks a girl cannot care for a young man unless she lets him hug and kiss her. That kind of a young man is not the kind any girl should have for a beau and much less a husband. There are too many men of that kind already making women unhappy.

Betty, Terre Haute, Ind.—A girl surely has a right to change her mind in a year, and if you don't want to take the young man to the high school banquet, you asked a year ago, be honest enough with him to tell him so, and take your sister. That won't hurt him as much as if you took another young man.

Georgia May, Elwood, Ind.—Don't be too anxious to disobey your father, however much you like the young man he doesn't like. As you have only about a year to wait until you are of age, why not test the young man by asking him to wait until you own yourself? If he has really lived down his past, and is the man you should marry, he will be willing enough to wait.

Cousin, Lorenzo, Ida.—Don't waste any time on a young man you have to plead with not to get drunk. Drop him and drop him hard, before you get tied up so you can't drop him.

Art Girl, Frankfort, Ill.—I am sorry, very sorry for the girl whose mother will not listen to what she has to say about the young man she goes with. That is the most important subject that a good mother should be interested in. Show this to your mother, and introduce to her and to your father the young man who wants to make a date with you.

Ina Fix, Bladell, N. Y.—Let this young man and all the others alone until you are twenty-one, and in the meantime study your spelling book and grammar. Your letter is a reflection upon the public school system of York state.

Blonde, St. Louis, Mo.—I don't just know about a young man who prefers to sit in the kitchen with your father and mother and you, to sitting in the parlor with you alone. Suppose you tell him if he won't sit in the parlor with you, he needn't come around. He shouldn't be too much afraid of hurting your parents' feelings by not sitting with them, even if your father did scold him for staying till eleven o'clock. Five years isn't too much difference in ages.

Blue Eyes, Joliet, Ill.—Most poor parents think their daughters are marrying happily if they marry men of means, but, my dear, if you are marrying for your own happiness and that of a good husband and the children that may come to you, don't marry any man unless you love him as you should. You may make a mistake in marrying this man you love though your religions differ, but it will be a mistake and not a crime as it would be if you married a man for his money.

Troubled, Wilber, Nebr.—If you don't know your mind and have to ask your father and your older sister and your younger sister and me what to do about your various beaus, I think you should give them all up until you have some mind of your own.

Alma, Conway, Ark.—You are too finicky and exacting to ever live happily with any kind of a man, my dear, and really if I were you, I wouldn't marry at all. Can't you live independently of the men? Try being a suffragette.

Worried, Curlew, Va.—If the man was compelled to get a divorce from his wife by her conduct, he is not to be blamed and if you love him you should not wreck your happiness and his by refusing to marry him, even if your parents don't want you to marry a divorced man. Love takes no thought of difference in ages.

Anxious, Kingston, N. Y.—Three years is too long for a young man to be telling a girl he loves her and saying nothing about marriage. Suppose you bring him to his senses by going with other young men.

Curlew, Honey Grove, Texas.—If the young man's friendship is worth having you will not lose it because you did as your father wanted you to do, instead of doing what he wanted you to do. Do what you can to make him see that you are right, and if he will not, then don't bother about him. Your father is quite right about boys and books not going hand in hand.

Babe, Kansas City, Mo.—As you have wisely concluded not to marry until the young man is better fixed financially, I think it would be just as well not to get the engagement ring until everything else is ready. That ring is of the least importance. Besides if you don't have it, the gossips won't know whether you are engaged or not.

Patient Polly, Rockland, Maine.—Why should you want to break with a decent young man because a supposed friend of his has been lying about him? If you have no more confidence than that in him he should want you to break with him.

Silver Bell, Bachelor, N. Dak.—As you like him very much, and he seems to be a nice young man, suppose you continue keeping company with him and by and by you may really love him. It often happens that

Ellinor, West Branch, N. Y.—I am very glad you had the courage to break an engagement you were persuaded into, even though with a good man who loves you. As you say, too many unhappy marriages are the result of such engagements. Yet many girls are eager to marry men who don't love them, and many men are eager to marry girls who don't love them—all with the hope that they will learn to love them after marriage. And they never learn.

Brown Eyes, Mason, Ill.—Go ahead, disobey your parents and marry the drunkard and gambler because you love him so and cannot live without him. You will find it much harder to live with him.

Peppermint, Herrick, Ill.—As you don't seem to be able to harmonize with the young men and don't like to keep house for your father, why not prepare yourself to make your own living and become independent? A bright and sensible girl can always make her own living and ask favors of nobody.

Sweet Sixteen, Vancouver, Wash.—Eighteen is too young to marry under any circumstances, and with a sick mother and you the mainstay of the father and family, I think it is your duty to wait until you are twenty-one, at least. You will be plenty young enough then, and the man who will not wait for you is not worth having. It is quite right to have him come every Sunday and you should be frank with him and when you are sick or troubled let him know. It will prepare him for such information when you are his wife. If sweethearts knew more about each other's ailments, they would be more careful about marrying.

Red Wing, Carlsbad, N. M.—As you told the young man you would dismiss him if he went with your enemy and he promised he would not, but did, you owed it to yourself to keep your word as he did not. Now why do you ask if you should take him back again? Are you so weak that you don't care what that kind of a man does, if only you can have a share in him?

### WOMEN WHO SUFFER

We want to show you free of cost what MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM will do. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb or Ovarian Troubles, or any form of female complaint, write at once for our free box of MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM. We know what it has done for others and we know what it will do for you. Write today for this simple home treatment, FREE.

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 4, South Bend, Ind.

**Earn Good Pay** copying addresses; particulars six stamps. Hinckley, 171, Middleport, N. Y.

**10** Beautiful Post Cards for a dime. Offer closes Sept. 1, 1912. Address, T. F. P. C. A. Fairbury, Ill.

**Song-Poems** WANTED. Cash or royalty to you. Needham Music House, 91-93 St. Louis, Mo.

**LADIES** Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EMREKA CO., Sept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**\$2** A DAY easily earned addressing envelopes at home in spare time. Send 10c for samples, instructions, etc. BEN P. CO., Sept. 21, WINDSOR, N. H.

**\$80** inc. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK G. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.



**WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE**

Our American made, stem wind watch beautifully designed case, factory-tested, guaranteed. Heart shaped ring and chain are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 2000 to 10,000. When sent us \$2.00 and we will send you at once the watch, ring and chain.

Palace Mfg. Co., Dept. II, Chicago

## Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery "Crystolis" Grows Hair in 30 Days.

\$1000 Reward if We Cannot Prove Our Claims. Try It at Our Risk. Mail Coupon To-day.



Beautiful Hair and lots of it—if you use Crystolis

Some of the most eminent Scientists in Europe consider "Crystolis" the New English Hair Grower the most wonderful discovery of the century.

The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded Gold Medals to this marvelous hair grower.

Since we secured the American rights—thousands of men and women from all parts of the world write telling of the phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for 30 years now glory in beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful drug.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itchy scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any

"strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Creslo Laboratories, 12 F St., Binghamton, N. Y.

**FREE COUPON**

The Creslo Laboratories, 12 F St., Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of COMFORT. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itchy scalp, and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

## Here Is Something You Want This Summer

### A Beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag

FOUR INCHES WIDE, OVER THREE INCHES DEEP, SIXTEEN INCHES LONG LINKED CHAIN, ENGRAVED FRAME AND LINED WITH SOFT WHITE KID.



You have seen and admired these fashionable SILVER MESH BAGS. So extremely popular are they that you see them everywhere you go. In the shop windows, in every catalogue, and carried by all the ladies and misses. Such a bag as we show above actually retails for \$2.50, and is an extreme bargain at that price. Only by purchasing in quantities are we enabled to offer them for so few subscriptions to COMFORT, for only a limited quantity and limited time. Each bag is made of best German Silver, solid, heavy frame. No sham or imitation about it, tastily engraved, the illustration does not half convey to you the excellent appearance of the bag.

We are so confident this Bag is such a real value, so first class in all respects, that we guarantee them in every way, and you are at liberty to return any bag not meeting with your approval, and we will refund money without asking a question. What could be more fair? Until the quantity we obtained is gone we shall accept orders on following liberal

**CLUB OFFER:** Send us only eight subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months, for one bag free. Any lady unable to solicit a club of subscribers may send \$2.00 for a bag providing ONE NEW 25c. fifteen month subscription to COMFORT is sent in addition.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# Old Folks

## Young or Old

No matter whether you are a man or a woman, twenty years old or seventy, all you need do is send the coupon with your full name and address and it will be sent to you, without a penny from you. *Age is no barrier to health*, and this offer is open to all *Old People*, as well as middle-aged and young men and women. We want to send every elderly person a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone on twenty-five days trial, the same as we send it to the young and middle-aged, all at our own risk and expense, to prove how Bodi-Tone acts in ailments of the old as well as the young, to prove what it does for persons suffering from bodily weaknesses and ailments, whether from age or otherwise. *This trial offer is open to all men and women, freely, generously, without any age limit.* Thousands of persons, old and young, have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles, and new vitality into every vital function, and we want you to try it, to see if Bodi-Tone will not do as much for you.

*All you need do is tell us you will try it and a dollar box will be handed to you.*

It makes no difference who, where or what you are, Bodi-Tone takes all the risks, and asks no pay if it does not benefit. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send any money or stamps. We don't ask to know your ailment and you need not write a word about it. All troubles originate in the body, and *Bodi-Tone sets the body right*. All you need do is clip out the coupon, which tells us you want to try Bodi-Tone, fill in your name and address, and we will send Bodi-Tone to you. This is how Bodi-Tone wants to be tried by old and young, this is how it wants to prove its curative powers. We are glad to send it to you without a penny, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn about this medicine which has brought new health and vigor to so many sick, suffering and feeble persons, old and young, glad to show you how health can be created at all ages with the right medicine, made from the right ingredients. If Bodi-Tone benefits you as it has benefited thousands, pay us a dollar for it. If you are not satisfied, don't pay a penny. We won't ask for pay or dun you, for we leave it all to you. *Clip the coupon and send for it today.*

## Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

*It cures disease by toning all the body*, and we want to show you what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days use, and we send you the full box on trial, so you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.



## Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the right kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys and dissolves rheumatic deposits, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for the body's health. Each one of its ingredients adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether a natural remedy. Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well-deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have selected, proportioned and combined these great

## Not a Secret

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such valuable ingredients guarantee its curative merit and restorative power in the body.

## Thousands of Cures

*of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Break-down, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, as we offer you in the coupon.*

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Bodi-Tone makes the body right, with its maximum strength, vigor and vitality, which it may not have possessed for years previous, even when in fair health. Bodi-Tone works what seems a miracle by *putting tone where tone was needed*. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the right thing for you. All we ask of the sick, all we ask of you, is to test it, to use it for twenty-five days, to give it a chance to prove what it can do, for a trial proves it.

## Your Opinion Decides It!

When you use Bodi-Tone on this trial offer you take absolutely no obligations to pay one penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. **ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.**

*natural curatives, and for the health-making work Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.*

## You Need Bodi-Tone To Set Your Body Right

If you are tired of continual doctoring and bad health, if you are wearied of feeling you cannot depend on your body to act right and do its full duty, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*, and this offer gives you a chance to try it without risking a penny. You need it to seek out your weak spots and make them stronger, to stop the leaks which are draining your vitality, to make your organs capable of giving you the right measure of strength, vigor, energy and full-blooded comfort your body should have. If there is anything wrong in your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for twenty-five days. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along, straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and tone, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctorized with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

## Why Be a Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humours, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment which has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy which people everywhere are praising and talking about? It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, by trying Bodi-Tone on this liberal offer. Thousands of strong, virile, rich-blooded men and women in all parts of the country are living, breathing, walking and talking examples of the power of Bodi-Tone in the diseased, debilitated and run-down body. When you read how it acts, when you see what it does for others, when you see how it destroys the roots of disease, how it builds up, repairs, renews, cures and restores for persons like these whose likenesses are seen on this page, it tells you what to do to get the health you seek.

## Permanently Cured a Year Ago

**NORTH EASTHAM, MASS.**—It is now over a year since I took Bodi-Tone, and I have waited to see if my troubles would return, but as they have not, I feel it my duty to the public to testify what the medicine has done for me. I had Palpitation of the Heart so bad that I could hardly walk, and could never lie on my left side. I had Indigestion so serious that the doctors thought I must die, but since taking Bodi-Tone I am a well man. I can eat anything I want at any time and nothing hurts me. I have had no trouble during the year with either my Heart or my Stomach and sleep well at night, lying on either side. I am seventy-seven years old, and can now do a very good day's work alongside men of forty, and Bodi-Tone made it all possible. **WARREN K. SNOW.**

## Rheumatism and Heart Trouble

**MOUND CITY, KANSAS.**—I suffered for over thirty years with Rheumatism and what the doctors pronounced Lumbago in my hips. The weakness was such that I could stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time. My Heart, too, was irregular and sometimes would skip beats. I was so nervous that I could hardly hold a cup of coffee without spilling it. I had no appetite and was all run down. My Kidneys were bad, for I had to get up several times during the night and could not sleep much. Sometimes the urine was scant and high-colored, with brick-dust. My feet and ankles were badly swollen. Life seemed almost a burden, for I was past doing my housework all summer. I sent for Bodi-Tone and could see a change after I had used it a week. It is wonderful. I have gained fifteen pounds in weight and do all my work now. I don't know what I would have done without it. **MRS. CARRIE D. PRITCHETT.**

## Doctor Said Nothing Would Help

**OSWEGO, OREGON.**—I am seventy-three years old, and had Catarrh of the Stomach and Bladder, Rheumatism and Heart Trouble for many years. I had such sharp, shooting pains that I thought they would kill me. I doctorred for years, having had three of the best doctors in California and Oregon, but they did me no real good. When I got Bodi-Tone I was down in bed. My doctor said it would make no difference what I took, for I could not get any better. Well, that was over a year ago, and I am still alive and can split and saw wood and do a pretty fair day's work. The doctors said I had a slow heart, and for years I could not sleep on my left side, but now I lie down any way I happen to get into the bed and sleep until day-break. The doctors used to inject morphine into me to kill the pain, but since I have used Bodi-Tone I have no pain. My feet and limbs used to swell clear to my knees, and my hands also, and now all is gone, along with the Rheumatism which I had for forty years. My Kidneys, Liver and Stomach do not bother me, and I can eat a good meal. Bodi-Tone was a blessing to me in my old age. **G. M. SIMMONS.**

## A Girl's Case of Extreme Nervousness

**LASCASSAS, TENN.**—Bodi-Tone has helped me more than anything I have taken. Since using it I seem like a different girl entirely. So many people say "What have you been doing for yourself, you look so much better!" I couldn't do hardly anything before taking Bodi-Tone. Life was a worry and a dread, now it is worth living. I was so nervous I could hardly sleep at night. My head and back would jerk so we feared I had St. Vitus dance. I had our family Doctor, and I took a lot of medicine. Mother saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and the offer seemed so fair we could not help having faith in it, so sent for a box. Bodi-Tone has done the work for me as all here know. I shall always praise it. **EULIA DILLON.**

## Trial Coupon

Clipped from **Comfort**  
**Bodi-Tone Company,**  
**Hoyle & North Aves., Chicago**

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

**Husband and Wife Trial Offer** When this trial offer is read in a home where husband and wife are both ailing and need Bodi-Tone, we will send TWO BOXES on trial with the understanding that each will use a box, and pay us \$1.00 each if benefited. In such cases this Coupon should be signed with the husband's name, followed by the words "and wife." Write name in this way and we will know two boxes are wanted for husband and wife. The only way we ever send two boxes on trial

# A Message of Love and Help

To All My Suffering Sisters



A FULL 50c Box of Balm of Figs COMPOUND FREE

I speak from the heart when I say to every woman suffering from any form or description of female weakness, that I believe no other woman has been able to relieve so much physical anguish, and to restore health and strength to so many disheartened, discouraged and well-nigh hopeless sisters as I have. In the past ten years—letters of thanks, letters of praise and appreciation have poured in upon me by the thousands. They have helped and encouraged me. They have been a great satisfaction to me and have prompted me to set aside another 10,000 50c boxes of Balm of Figs Compound to send absolutely free to my suffering sisters—to you, your daughter, your sister, your mother or any ailing friend. All you have to do is to write for one of these 50c boxes and I will send it to you without cost, all charges prepaid, no obligation on your part whatever.

Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong—and I can prove it. Let me prove it to you by sending you this 50c box free.

I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials on hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary. It is a local treatment and has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record.

If you are suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian and Uterine Tumors, Growths or any of the weaknesses so common to women, write me at once for the free 50c box I want you to become well and strong and enjoy 365 healthy, happy days every year.

The very best test of anything is a personal trial of it and I know this 50c Box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits—then if you are satisfied and wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. Either fill in the coupon today or write me a letter in strictest confidence.

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards, Box E125, Joliet, Ill.

FREE COUPON FOR 50c BOX—

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards, Box E125, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Richards:—As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs Compound, please send me—free of cost—one fifty cent box by return mail.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

# To Develop the Bust

To BEAUTY EDITOR:—I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increased the bust measure four or six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 300 F. B., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

# DRUNKENNESS

The steady, personal expense, drinker can be saved in 3 days with his knowledge, or—sorcery. My remedy is guaranteed. Gentle, pleasant, perfectly harmless. It does not matter how many years. This is the genuine home Treatment. Personally rendered and proved by a legion of testimonials. Hook and particulars, free, postpaid. Address: EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., T 359, New York, N. Y.

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With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

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MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Filet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Brier, French Chain, and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teacher is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by subscribers. All expense of government counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, to far as possible, will be answered for this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. C. T., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that such portion of the estate of a married man who dies intestate, as would go absolutely to his widow, would in turn, upon her death, leaving no will, go to her heirs at law and next of kin, and we do not think that remarriage by her part would affect this disposition of this property, unless the property should be homestead property. We think that under the law of your state, the estates of dower and by curtesy are abolished.

Innocent Girl, North Dakota.—We are of the opinion that an assault with the intention of committing a rape is a serious crime, and upon a conviction would be punishable in your state with a term of imprisonment either in state prison or a reformatory, depending upon circumstances and the age of the offender, we think, however, that in a case where there were no bad effects experienced by the victim, and where there was no notoriety acquired, the victim should, before taking any steps in regard to punishing the culprit, consider the very unpleasant notoriety she would be sure to acquire immediately upon the matter becoming public; we think her parents are the best ones to advise her in the matter. We do not think the parents of the minor boy, who committed the assault, are liable for any money damages for his act.

E. H. R., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a homestead and some personal property, such property would go one half to the widow and one half in equal shares to his children; and that upon the death of such widow the portion of such property as came to her absolutely would go in equal shares to her children and the fact that some of such children were her children by a former marriage would not bar them from a share in her estate; we do not think homestead property can be divided until the youngest child becomes twenty-one years of age, unless the widow remarries, of course. If she remarries her husband would upon her death have an interest in her estate; or if she should leave a will the property would go in the manner provided for in such will, and not as above set forth.

Inquirer, Nebraska.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, but leaving a surviving widow and children, his estate would go dower of one third interest for life in the real estate and one third of the personal property absolutely to the widow, and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share. We do not think the widow of a deceased child would have any interest in such estate.

I. L. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the widow, of a deceased son, has any interest in the estate of her husband's parents, unless some provision is made for her by will, or unless such son survived his parent; we think this rule holds good regardless of whether such widow has remained a widow or not.

Mrs. H. J. B., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the owner and holder of a second mortgage, can, upon a default in the payment of same, foreclose and enforce payment of same through the sale of the property, but that such sale would have to be subject and subordinate to the first mortgage lien upon the property.

Mrs. C. A. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, but leaving a separate estate, the husband is entitled to one half of the personalty of such estate absolutely, and to the use of the realty during life, unless he has been deprived of the control of it by decree of the chancery court; (2) that upon the death of a woman, leaving no will, no children or descendants, and no husband, her estate would descend in equal shares to her parents, if only one parent survives, one half to such parent and the balance in equal shares to her brothers and sisters or their descendants, if no parent, to the brothers and sisters and their descendants.

Mrs. E. V. T., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that in a case where a person died leaving property, and leaving a legally executed will, which disposes of his property according to law, such will would govern and the property would go as provided in such will, even though such will was not probated and acted upon immediately upon the death of such testator, that if the will gives the executor a power of sale of the real estate, then such executor can sell same, and the signature of the persons entitled to the property would not be necessary.

Mrs. C. E., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think that the payment of a civil debt upon a note can be enforced against a minor, in the event of the minor's setting up the defense of minority in an action brought to enforce such claim.

E. L., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and children, his widow would receive dower of one third

for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to his children, and that upon the death of the widow, the real estate held by her as dower would be divided among all the children of the man, regardless of whether some of these children were by a former marriage or not.

Mrs. A. G., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that neither husband nor wife has any interest in the property of the other, except that the husband must support his wife, and they have dower in the real estate of each other; we think that in case the husband refuses to support his wife she should bring a legal proceeding against him to compel him to do so. We think that such property as the wife voluntarily turns over to her husband would become his property, and would thereafter be treated as such.

W. D., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion (1) that all actions for the recovery of real property or the possession thereof is limited to twenty years, except in the case of an action by the state or its grantees in which case the limit is forty years; (2) that in the case of a conveyance of property for the support and maintenance of the grantor, we think that unless the deed, or some accompanying agreement reserved to the grantor the annual income of the property the same would go to the grantee; we think such a deed might be attacked on the grounds of lack of sufficient consideration, undue influence exercised upon the grantor, fraud or lack of capacity on the part of the grantor, in such a case as any of the above grounds would apply.

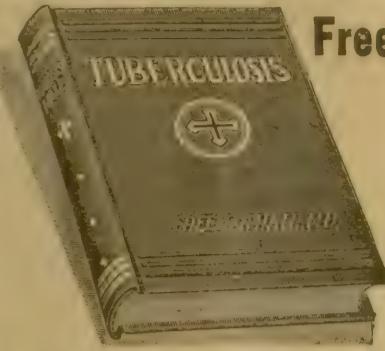
A. A., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a man's children have no interest in the estate of their father's wife unless such wife is also their mother, nor would they have any standing in court in an action to set aside the transfer by her of such property as she received by an absolute title in fee as widow or otherwise from their father's estate, and even though such transfer by her to someone else was procured by fraud, unless some provision was made for such children in the will of this woman. We think that in case this woman died intestate the proper persons to attack the validity of a transfer by her of her property, would be some of her own heirs at law or next of kin; of course such of these children as still retain a remainder interest in their father's property, in which the second wife had only a dower interest for life would upon her death come into and be entitled to their remainder interest in the property.

**SENT ON TRIAL**  
If you are sick, you can get a full-size one dollar box of Bod-Tone on twenty-five days trial. If it does not help, pay nothing for it. This is the way Bod-Tone is being offered to the sick in the large announcement on another page of this paper and the way thousands have already been cured by it.

# Tuberculosis

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## NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrah, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Co., 5455 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait today. It may mean the saving of your life.

**PILES** Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

**BEDBUGS** 25c. buys recipe for liquid to kill bugs and eggs. Stainless guaranteed. Hogg, Dept. 3, 2148 7th Ave., N. Y. City.

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**ATTAINED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!**  
Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is a genuine and scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the Koskott Treatment FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause, the *dermodex folliculorum*—living micro-organisms ("germs") that are the cause of hair loss. Our treatment is a special formula that kills these germs. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX absolutely free. \$1. BOX FREE

**GROW HAIR** from a tulip bulb or grass seed in a month. An easy formula and a chance to grow hair again. \$1. BOX FREE

**DOLLAR GUARANTEE.** Koskott is for men's, women's and children's heads. We especially want you to answer this ad. If you have wasted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplished nothing. We want to surprise and delight you. Send only 10 cents (silver or stamps) to help cover actual mailing & advertising cost and we will send the \$1.00 Box absolutely free, with \$1.00 Box absolutely free. Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, B 359, New York, N. Y.

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25 Superior Greeting-Cards



This selected set of beautifully designed, rich and naturally colored flower-cards contains twenty-five high-grade cards that are suitable for every occasion, be it Birthday, Anniversary, Wedding, Easter, or any seasonable day. As simple message-cards they cannot be surpassed. Each card is entirely different from any other in the set and is finely printed on a selected stock of cardboard, and heavily embossed.

To introduce The American Woman to new readers we will send it three months on trial for only 10 cents. THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful stories we can buy. There are thrilling serials by the best authors; there are exciting short stories, some written expressly for us by the popular writers. There are pages of fancy work, receipts, household hints, etc., for the housewife. There are selections from the latest fashions, with all patterns at small cost, for the home dressmaker. All the illustrations and descriptions are the very best and clearest. In short, THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a paper that, once taken, you will never be without. That's why we can make this introductory offer. We know that later you will want to subscribe for a full year.

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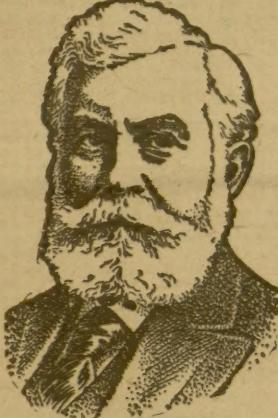
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To every sufferer from

## RHEUMATISM

Name.....  
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This coupon, when mailed to Magic Foot Draft Co., Dept. 656, Jackson, Mich., will bring you a \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, prepaid, TO TRY FREE, as explained below.

If You Have  
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My unbound faith in Magic Foot Drafts is built on my record of results. If you could see the thousands of letters I get, telling of cures at every stage in the progress of this cruel torture called Rheumatism, cures of old chronic cases who have suffered 20, 30 and even 40 years, as well as all the milder stages, you would lay aside your doubts. But I do not ask you to believe. I send you my Drafts to speak for themselves. Send my coupon today. You will get a \$1 pair of Drafts by return mail to try FREE. Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the comfort they bring you, send me \$1. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide. Can't you see that I couldn't do this if my Drafts didn't satisfy? Wouldn't you mail a coupon to know for yourself, when I, knowing as I do, risk my dollar treatment on your verdict? Address Magic Foot Draft Co., 656 Oliver Bldg. Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only coupon. Do it now.



## MARVELLOUS, PERMANENT CURE OF DOUBLE RUPTURE

An old sea captain cured himself of a bad case and a multitude of other hernia sufferers have been cured completely by the same method. Successful in many cases of all kinds—single, double, navel, scrotal, etc., etc., after operation; young or old. Not merely relief but cures often reported. Proof package mailed FREE by Capt. Collings, Inc., Box 44, Watertown, N. Y. Better write today!

## I CURED MY DAUGHTER

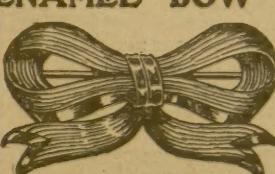
Doctors gave her up.  
WILL SEND FREEGive express office. T. Lepes  
Island Av., Milwaukee, Wis.

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## OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Serofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. By mail 50¢. Booklet free. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 25 St. Paul, Minn.

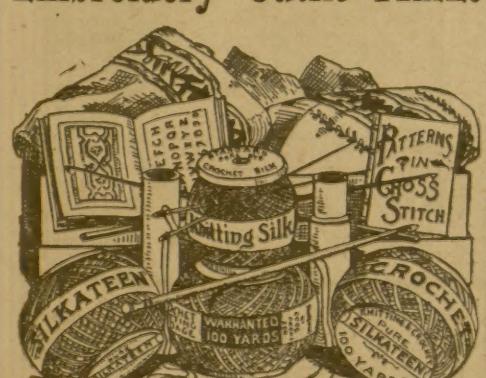
## ENAMEL BOW KNOT PIN



Violet Enamel and Bright FInish Gold inlay, makes this a dainty, dressy Pin. Ladies who choose to taste their clothes or jewels, will appreciate this modest Bow Knot Pin. Although very

fashionable, it is a choice Pin and not loud or conspicuous in any way. Illustration is exact size of Pin, but does not convey the delicate, artistic coloring, nor the contrast of the Violet Enamel and Gold which is very effective. Hard Enamel wears indefinitely, so we guarantee the Pins, and for young or old have nothing in our catalogues more desirable. We give one for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Present subscribers may send 35 cents each for 15 months' extension of their own subscription and one Pin. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Embroidery Outfit FREE.



Cross-stitch and other canvas embroidery has now become very popular and we have got out a large Crochet and Embroidery Outfit which we here illustrate. The assortment includes three spools of Silkateen, 100 yards each, different colored, a complete set of Crochet Needles, steel and bone, in round wooden box, 1 Spool Knitting Silk, 1 Yard, two shades, Ecrù and White Serum Canvas, 40 inches wide, giving you a large piece 36 x 40 inches, just the kind for working all kinds of cross-stitching. Our New Book of Patterns in Cross-stitch gives directions and many beautiful designs in cross-stitch. This book gives simple diagram sketches showing the easy way to do this work so that even a child can master it in a few minutes. The large number of different illustrations and designs in the book make it easy to turn out pretty Tidies, Watch Cases, Slippers and Slipper Cases, Collar and Cuff Sets, Belts, Shirt Waist Fronts, Alphabet Mottoes, etc., etc., and there is nothing more pretty than this beautiful colored work at this time; it is a very profitable and entertaining fancy work to enter into such a ready sale can be found for the articles and the first cost is very low. You can get good big full pay for your time in working the different patterns. Be the first to get these things started in your neighborhood.

We will send the entire outfit in a nice box, postage or express paid, for a club of only 315-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

## Requests

Mrs. M. C. Scott, Nevada, R. R. 1, Mo., song, "A Little Child Shall Lead them."

Mrs. B. T. Sprague, Milo, R. R. 3, Maine, song, "The Young Girl's Decision."

Will the sister who sent in directions for making the egg rupture cure in 1910 please repeat it? Also directions for making bandage for a ruptured child?—Ed.

Mrs. Harriet Bickes, North Topeka, R. R. 3, Kans., hymn, "I'm Praying Blessed Savior to be More and More Like Thee."

Mrs. W. L. Sheld, Summitville, Tenn., how to bleach faded lawn to white; also the hymn, "Tarry with Me O My Savior."

How to curl French plumes? How can one raising a small crop of tobacco leaves cure them? Recipe for corn syrup?—Ed.

Mrs. J. I. Miller, Shady, N. Y., poem by May Riley Smith; "God Does not Afflict Us Willingly."

Mrs. Nellie Haskins, Leavenworth, Box 338, Wash., remedy for catarrhal deafness; letters regarding climate of St. Augustine, Florida.

Mrs. Isaac Franklin, Markleville, R. R. 46, Ind., letters from West Virginia.

Mrs. Creola Prather, Church Point, R. R. 1, La., wheel chair shut-in; birthday shower in June.

Mrs. Helen C. Wellington, South Dansville, Box 85, N. Y., remedy for varicose ulcer of long standing sent direct.

Mrs. Alice M. Jaques, Sequim, Wash., hymn, "No Sorrow There."

Miss Josie Belle Anderson, Faircloth, R. R. 1, Box 61, Ga., fourteen years old, could be helped with Sunday school books; also any books of instruction, letters, etc.—Ed.

## Comfort Postal Requests

## How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer fat but a company has established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering the Exchange List you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To assure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

James C. Green, Linton, R. R. 1, Ill., Miss Louis Bader, Silsbee, Texas. Miss Daisy Sawyer, 418 Crocker St., Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Bertha A. Spalding, 418 Crocker St., Los Angeles, Cal. Views of Cal. Miss Charlotte Rider, Red Hook, Box 195, N. Y. Sylvia Struyke, Medicine Hat, Alta, Canada. Views of scenery. Mrs. B. H. Pizarro, Pizarro, Va. Otto Louis Koenitz, U. S. S. Wisconsin, New York City, City postmaster, N. Y. A. L. Dickie, Paducah, Ky. R. 3, Box 155, Ky.

## Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a member, advance subscribers send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information concerning my husband, Major Younce, who left home May 2, 1911, in company with Will Mergen. Has light brown hair, blue eyes, weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, is six feet and one inch in height, and twenty-eight years old. He was heard from in Ogden, Utah, and lastly from San Francisco, Cal. News of him will be most gratefully received, and will repay all necessary postage. Write to Mrs. Major Younce, 815 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wanted information of my three brothers, John, Jim and Columbus Durnal. Last heard of in California, Mexico and Arizona. Arthur Durnal, Glendale, Texas.

Anyone knowing address of Thomas, Peter or Michael Brodigan, emigrated from Ireland, settled in New Jersey. Please write Thomas Boyd, Sumner, Nebr.

Wanted, news of George D. Backer, last heard from Oct., 1910, in Northern Louisiana. Little Van Denburg, Hastings, Mich.

Information of Betsy Ann Nichols, last heard from at Terrell, Texas, fourteen years ago. About starting North. Write sister, Marla Lasater, Monegaw Springs, Mo.

Wanted to know the whereabouts of E. D. Fouts, last heard of in East Las Vegas, New Mexico. Please write his sister, Lillie B. Dossey, Neal, Kans.

6 Hardy, Ever-Blooming Roses  
Where They Go, They Grow

The roses listed below comprise the best and most beautiful productions of the famous Rosarians of the world and all lands have contributed to this collection. By reason of the past favorable producing season, our grower is enabled to give us the largest, heaviest, well-rooted plants we have ever been able to procure and this collection is six of the finest varieties in cultivation the kind that grow rapidly and vigorously, and bloom most lavishly, producing innumerable chaste beautiful flowers the entire growing season. They are noted for rare beauty of color and delicious fragrance; everyone can grow them as they succeed in any ordinary garden soil and amply repay any little care and attention given.

Not only has careful selection been used in the choosing of these varieties, but equal care is exercised in packing them for shipment and we guarantee all collections to reach you in good healthy condition.

With each package we send complete directions for planting, care and culture.

## Description of the SIX ROSES:

## MY MARYLAND

A rare combination of poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. The rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long stiff stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large perfectly double magnificent flowers are borne, flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick, heavy petals unsurpassed in elegance of form. As they expand, their beauty seems to be enhanced, the brilliant lively shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with its warm rich color and delightful fragrance.

## RHEA REID

A wonderful new introduction, possessing every quality a perfect rose should have. Everyone raves about its extraordinary beauty and after having seen it bloom, we can appreciate their enthusiasm. It is a strong, healthy grower, throwing forth long graceful branches which are densely covered with heavy deep green foliage and handsome double flowers, which are produced in the greatest profusion all through the growing season. It has the vitality necessary to withstand all attacks of disease and insects which so frequently destroy our best roses. The buds develop into large, double flowers, formed of thick petals of excellent substance which retain their freshness and beauty for an extensive time. The color is a vivid scarlet crimson, and the flowers are marvels of beauty, large and bold.

## YELLOW KAISERIN

This charming rose created quite a sensation when introduced, surpassing all others of its color. A description is inadequate to portray the exquisite beauty of the buds and flowers of this variety which are the glory of the plant. It is a robust, rapid grower, very hardy, quickly making a well formed symmetrical bush, which produces most liberally great quantities of exquisite roses. They are handsomely made, extra large and perfectly double of a rich canary yellow, celebrated for their delicious fragrance and elegance of form and contour.

If you send your order NOW, EARLY, you are assured first choice of best stock, to be shipped direct to you from the nursery, carefully packed with instructions all ready for planting with assurance of positive results or we replace free.

TO THOSE WHO SEND NOW we make this liberal offer for early acceptance: Send us one new subscriber to COMFORT (the same must be for some person whose name is not now on our list) and we will immediately send you the assortment of Six Choice Roses. If you wish to extend your own subscription and obtain Six Roses, send 35 cents for COMFORT for 12 months and receive Roses Free. A club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures One Dozen Roses, two of each. Remember we guarantee success and urge the importance of ordering early.

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Different sorts, gold Embossed, etc. Sent postpaid for 10c. stamps or coin. HOPKINS' NOV. CO. Box 8, Belleville, Ill.

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One box cures Stop's craving for tobacco in any form. Write for special offer ALLEN Distributing Co., 332 Altman Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

## "TITANIC DISASTER"

—Big \$1.50 book retailing at \$1.00. Agents' price 50c. Sample postpaid 10c. Send quick—canvassers making \$25.00 daily. Nichols & Co., Box C, Naperville, Ill.

Ladies Send 2c stamp for large illustrated catalog of Toilet necessities. Remedies, and special supplies for women.

COINS Illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, in City Dealer, Dept. C F., Boston, Mass.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine

I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

## Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

DR. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

to KNOW IT MAY CONCERN.

Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA. We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients have paid him money to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only four patients to take his money, and it seemed that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing.

Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider his practice perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly,

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,  
926 Park Square,  
Sedalia, Mo.

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name.....  
Address.....

Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

## MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting.

I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY  
926 Park Square  
Sedalia, Mo.

FREE OFFER—CUT HERE

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,  
926 Park Square,  
Sedalia, Mo.

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name.....  
Address.....

Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

## DOROTHY PERKINS

This rose is a most valuable addition to the list of hardy climbing varieties and without question one which should be extensively planted. It is perfectly hardy, standing very severe winters unprotected, and without an exception is the most rapid, vigorous grower of all climbing roses. The beauty of the foliage produced by this rose is deserving of special mention and is one of its valuable and charming assets. The leaves are thickly and evenly distributed over all branches from the ground to the tips. Its habit of bloom is extremely liberal, producing flowers in immense clusters, each rose being perfect in form and of good size. The color is an exquisite shade of clear, shell pink, deepening to a darker shade near the center.

## BLACK ROSE

The production of a rose of this rare color has long been sought after and the rose-loving public is to be congratulated upon its introduction. It marks the highest attainment of the hybridizers' skill and for grace, form and magnificent color, it is supreme in its chaste beauty. The plant grows shapely and vigorously, covering itself with a coat of elegant foliage, which is absolutely immune to black spots and mildew. The color and texture are the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, each petal appearing as though cut from the heaviest rich velvet, shading from deepest maroon-red to blackish crimson. It blooms constantly in great successive crops of large, double flowers, which possess a most delightful fragrance.

Yours truly,

DR. J. E. CANNADAY,  
926 Park Square,  
Sedalia, Mo.

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

# Develop Your Bust In 15 Days

A Full Firm Bust is Worth More to a Woman Than Beauty

I don't care how thin you are, how old you are, how fallen and flaccid are the lines of your figure or how flat your chest is. I can give you a full, firm, youthful bust quickly, that will be the envy of your fellow-women and will give you the allurements of a perfect womanhood that will be irresistible.

They say there is nothing new under the sun, but I have perfected a treatment that I want to share with my sisters. What it did for me it can and will do for you, and I now offer it to you.

Others offer to build up your figure with drugs, greasy skin foods, creams, dieting, massage and expensive instruments and devices. I have done away with all these injurious methods and have given a legion of women a luxuriant natural development by a treatment never before offered the public. No massaging, nothing to take, nothing to wear.

I was skinny, scrawny, flat and unattractive to men. Now I claim to be the highest priced artist's model in the United States, and what I did for myself I can do for you.

I don't care what your age may be, I ask only that you be at least sixteen and not an invalid, and I will undertake to develop your bust in two weeks. All I ask is five or ten minutes of your time every day.

Write to me Today for my Treatment

It will only cost you a penny for a post card and I will mail you this wonderful information in a plain cover so that no one will know your secret.

Don't let a false pride and a silly sense of shame keep you from enjoying to the full the charms you should have to be a perfect specimen of womanhood. Let me help you. Your communication shall be held in absolute confidence and secrecy. Write me today.

ELOISE RAE

1325 Michigan Avenue, Suite 634, Chicago, Ill.

# GOITRE TRIAL TREATMENT Free

To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a liberal Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I am sure that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Address

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist,  
915 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.



# I CAN CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM FREE

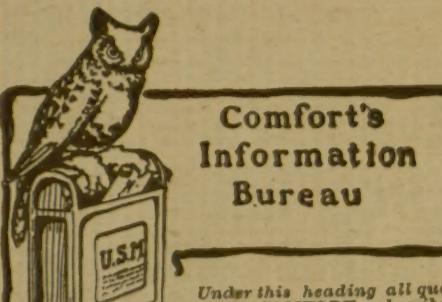
This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Do me a favor—send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 329 C, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. M. A., Sugarloaf, Pa.—The copyright of music does not cover the design of the title page. (2) Don't know about Cal Stuart, but Dan Patch was alive at last accounts. The record of 1.55 you have given the great pacer should be 1.55 1/4. And that with a running mate and a wind shield.

The News, Enterprise, W. Va.—There are numerous editorial associations in the United States, and every state has one or more. Get a bustle on and find them. (2) The first cousin of your stepfather is not blood kin and therefore marriageable. (3) Any map of size will show railroad lines, but there is no map showing street car lines except in special city maps, costing a great deal.

Mrs. N. S., Colquitt, Ga.—Among women there are thousands of social clubs and sewing circles, no two alike and everyone representative of the ideas of that particular collection of women. Women as a rule like to do their own way, and, where necessary leave it to you, and to any other COMFORT women, to organize their clubs without asking any advice of anybody except themselves. Then you'll know you have what you want.

Mrs. C. E. B., North Powder, Oregon.—For information about any of the South American countries write to Bureau of S. A. Republics, Washington, D. C.

M. D., Conway, La.—To you and all COMFORT readers, we say as we have said, when you find any soldier or rock that you are not acquainted with and your neighbors do not know, send a sample to your state geologist or to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and have it examined free.

C. S., Jackson, O.—The money in savings banks in every state in the Union is exempt from taxation. If your money in ordinary banks is taxed put it in a savings bank.

K. T., Hancock, Mich.—A person born in the U. S. of foreign parentage, not naturalized, becomes a citizen when he remains here.

E. O., Sheldon, N. Dak.—There is always some demand for good telegraph operators, but the demand is not as great as before the telephone took away a great deal of the telegraph's business. The wireless is not demanding more operators than the supply. The best operator has the call whether educated in a school or self taught. A bright boy of sixteen or seventeen can secure a subordinate position, but he must be very steady and reliable.

Isabelle, Buskin, Tenn.—Most authors use their own names. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes did, but Kate Douglas Wiggin is Mrs. G. C. Biggs. They choose any name they want. A short story of two pages is worth anywhere from two dollars to five hundred dollars according to who writes it and what the editor wants to pay. We advise you not to attempt to sell a short story for a long, long time yet.

G. D., Cleveland, O.—We hardly think an American can get a position in the Canadian post-office until he has become a British subject. Government offices don't go to outsiders.

S. E. McC., Irondale, O.—Any report of the fraudulent use of the mails should be sent to Fourth Assistant P. M. General, Washington, D. C. (2) Old magazines and newspapers bring so little that it does not pay to ship except in large lots, say, not less than a thousand pounds. COMFORT readers having stock of this sort make a note of this.

A. L. Z., Rapid City, S. Dak.—Insanity is a cause for divorce in a very few states, under certain circumstances. Agates are of no particular value.

U. S., Larrabee, Ia.—To become a railway station agent one must know in addition to telegraphy, the general handling of train business, receiving and shipping freight, keeping the necessary books and knowing how to look after passengers. It is not an easy job, for a good man, and a poor one can't do it.

Crank, Waucoma, Ia.—The time was when nearly any kind of a marriage contract, whether written or not, between a man and a woman, was sufficient to constitute a marriage if the parties lived together, but nowadays we are more careful and these so-called common law marriages are in disrepute with courts. The safest way to marry is according to the best form of law.

Mrs. G. M., Lakewood, N. J.—A pearl the size of a grain of rice is of very small value, unless it is a very rare pearl, and even then its size is against its being worth more than a few dollars.

Dubious, Hugo, Colo.—We can tell you in what states a girl and boy each nineteen years of age can get a marriage license without parental consent, but we decline to do so. No boy that age has any business getting married. And the girl shouldn't.

O. H., Crary, N. Dak.—The North Pole was discovered by Peary in April, 1909; S. P. by Amundsen in December, 1911. New Mexico was admitted into the Union in 1911. An intermezzo may be a diversion between the acts of an opera, or a short movement connecting the parts of any important musical composition. There is no good reason why a young man of good health and habits should not enlist in the navy, and a great many why he should, at least, for three years as a matter of discipline, education, travel, and general setting up for future work of any kind. We think the navy preferable to either army or marines. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. for particulars.

H. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—You have not looked very closely into American cyclopedias or you would know about the Ku Klux Klan. It was a secret society organized after the Civil War in the Southern states chiefly to oppose the notorious abuses that scandalized the rule of Northern carpetbaggers who got into power by the votes of the newly enfranchised slaves while the native white population was deprived of the right to vote because of their participation in the Confederacy. The Ku Klux had great provocation for its acts of lawlessness.

Caught in the Act. Can He Ever Forgive Her?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

There was a moment of hushed expectancy. Neither girl had failed to note the telepathic exchange of thought between the men.

Benjamin, junior, drew a sudden deep breath and glanced at his watch.

"It isn't too late yet!" he let fall, turning to Leslie, an impetuous light flashing from his eyes.

And it's sure to bring bad luck postponing the day," said Benjamin, senior, taking a quick step toward Loraine. There was no ice-water in his veins, either.

The two girls drew nearer, gazing at each other, startled, shrinking, trembling. An instinct as old as the race was suddenly awakened. The female prompting was for flight, the male for pursuit. But almost before those vague promptings could take form or move the startled beings to action, young Kent had interposed.

Without further parolance he stepped to Leslie's side and took both her trembling hands in his own with a return of all his old audacity.

She listened to that low-toned, convincing appeal, with drooping head.

Strathmore was not outclassed in ardor, nor was the thought of gaining a reluctant bride any the less distractingly joyous to him than to the junior conspirator, though his natural reserve and dignity prevented like impulsive utterances.

He spoke no word to Loraine; only his eyes entreated her, and behind that clear, calm gaze, tender, yet compelling, the girl saw at that moment, reserves of character, of strength, of feeling. In his nature that she had never before quite fathomed. Her whole heart went out to him. Looking upward into his eyes, smiling a little, shrinking, yielding, Strathmore received that wordless answer.

They were recalled to earth by a soft, tremulous voice very near them.

"I really haven't anyone in the world to care!" orphaned Leslie, who lived in a lonely way at a brother's, was saying.

Then Benjamin, junior's voice, boyishly eager, was telling her that no license was required in Tennessee; and that he knew of a little church not many squares from the Park gate, the Church of the Ascension, which was open at all times, with the rector or his assistant in the study at this hour.

At mention of the little church, Loraine turned quickly.

"No," she said softly; "come home with me, first, all of you, and if mamma is willing—her voice broke a little—"if mamma is willing, we will all go to that little church—and mamma with us!"

But they all knew Loraine's mother, that sweet, widowed mother, who lived but for her one child.

For answer Leslie bent suddenly and caught her little pet to her. Holding him close, and burying her happy face in his silky coat, she cried softly:

"Pete, darling, you shall come with us, too; for if you hadn't run away, doggie, and if Mr. Strathmore hadn't brought you back to me, this day might have had a different, oh, so different an ending!"

### CANCER-FREE TREATISE.

The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

### PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS

BOILS AND ERUPTIONS Spoil your complexion. Send 50c, stamps or coin and CLEAR YOUR SKIN and then be admired by all.

J. VASSAR CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail

# EPILEPSY AND FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give address and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl St., New York.

### All-Elastic, Washable Sanitary Belt For Women

Every woman should have one. Cleanly, antiseptic, porous, washable and comfortable. Made of a soft surgical web specially woven for us. Can be worn next flesh or under corsets. Gives with every movement of the body. Indispensable with Union Suits. State waist measure. Sent postpaid for 35c.

Agents wanted for this and other articles.  
THE HOLLEY CO., Dept. 48, Rochester, N. Y.

Stomach Liver and GALL TROUBLES, HOME REMEDY. If you suffer from Gastritis to name, Sick, Sour or Gassy Stomach, Pain in right side, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of Digestion, Heart, Nerves or Body, write for FREE advice. GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 257, 218 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 822—218, Van Buren St., Chicago.

# LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

# Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulence) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

M. E. KING, 6334 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "Two years ago, I reduced 120 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method and am still in the best of health."

MRS. E. M. REYNOLDS, Lehigh, writes: "I gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

MRS. J. H. WOLDEIDGE, Randolph, Mo., writes: "Three years ago, I reduced 120 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method and am still in the best of health."

MRS. F. ROARKE, Oato, N. Y., writes: "I have lost 52 lbs. and reduced waist measure by 7 inches; health much better."

MRS. E. M. REYNOLDS, Lehigh, writes: "Two years ago, I reduced 115 lbs. by your treatment; reduced waist measure from 44 in. to 33 in. and waist from 43 in. to 23 inches. Never felt better in my life. Will cheerfully answer letters of inquiry."

W. O. NEWBURN, Contact, N. Y., writes: "I have lost 113 lbs. am wonderfully benefited; can climb mountains easily now."

MRS. M. F. SARGENT, Lebanon, N. H., writes: "Last summer, I reduced over 43 lbs. by your treatment; it is most wonderful."

EMMA SMITH, Greentown, Pa., writes: "I lost 74 lbs. in summer of 1909 by your Method; glad to recommend it. Friends amazed."

SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.

### FREE Treatment

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food and drink any kind of beverage you like. No time or expense. Absolutely no dangerous drugs. Mine is a modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies find an unequalled beautifying method. Double-chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction is permanent. Requires nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people, (men or women) for the asking. Sent anywhere. Write to-day and you will receive by return mail my FREE TREATMENT, also my GUARANTEE and a multitude of Testimonials, and my very interesting BOOK ON OBESITY, showing how to quickly and safely reduce your weight to normal without losing a moment's time from your regular occupation. Address:

Dr. H. C. BRADFORD, 73R Bradford Bldg., 20 E. 22d St., New York, N. Y.

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a Diplomated, Practicing Physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York, famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

# How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold, clammy hands or feet; have

## How John Quit Drinking



The Happy Reunion  
Golden Remedy Did It

### Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home—in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

### Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,  
3017 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
State.....

## Tobacco Habit Banished

Dr. Elder's Tobacco Boon Banishes All Forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 Hours.



### What Tobacco Boon Will Do.

A positive and quick relief. A Home Treatment easy to take. Dr. Adolphus of the Old Sanitarium, "Your Tobacco Boon has cured me after using tobacco 54 years." H. S. Evans, of Meridian, Miss., writes: "I had been a heavy chewer for 54 years. After taking your treatment 5 days I was completely cured." Adolphus Erigen, of Pigeon Falls, Wis., writes: "I would not take \$1,000 for what good your Tobacco Boon did me." Hundreds of similar letters from satisfied patients.

REMEMBER—We give a legal binding **Guarantee** of results in every case of the Tobacco Boon.

FREE—Postage on the Tobacco Habit and its

Home Treatment will be mailed free in plain package to any one. Do not wait—send name and address TODAY.

DR. ELDER'S SANITARIUM, Dept. 302 St. Joseph, Mo.

### Trusses Like These Are A Crime



Our FREE BOOK tells you why Leg-strap "appliances" and Spring trusses like shown above CANNOT help you and how the famous Cluth Self-Massaging Pad CURES Rupture. **SENT ON 60 DAYS' TRIAL** to prove its wonderful holding and curing powers. Remember, we will allow you 60 days to test its durability, waterproof qualities, and your absolute relief from leg-straps and springs or no charge. 5,000 Public Endorsements of this simple Home Cure sent with the FREE Book which explains all. Just use the coupon or say "Send the Book."

Box 68—CLUTHE COMPANY  
125 East 23rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

Name.....  
Address.....  
Return Mail brings World's Greatest Rupture Book

## To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—Sent FREE

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

**CANCERS**  
Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. My cures guaranteed. Printed literature free. Address D. C. BOYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privilege of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. C., Hat Creek, Wyo.—Red splotches on the skin are common enough and mean usually poor circulation as a result of poor digestion. Diet yourself, eat less, chew the food more and get your digestion to working right and the red splotches will disappear. Lard and sulphur is a good local application to relieve the itching. The splotches are not catching, any more than indigestion is.

H. P., Athens, O.—Sprains if not looked after properly will cause more trouble than broken bones and you have neglected this one of yours until now you should go to a hospital and have properly done for it whatever may be done.

H. D., Chicago, Ill.—It is not medicine you need, but a change of climate, as your indigestion and other troubles are catarrhal. If you like it cold and dry go to Colorado, if hot and dry go to Arizona or New Mexico. But get to a dry climate. Parts of Idaho are all right, though cold. Your poor blood will become rich in a good climate and if you exercise proper care in your eating you should have very fair health.

E. F. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—Sweaty feet are natural and the odor is due to impurities in the system. Wear cotton socks, wash your feet twice a day in water containing a few drops of ammonia, and shake a little salicylic acid powder into your shoes. (2) Dark circles under the eyes result from congestion of the blood there. They may be relieved by gently massaging there. The eyes may be relieved by gently massaging under the eyes, rubbing outward and downward, to improve the circulation. Be careful and not rub too hard as the skin is sensitive there and will show red. Be careful of your diet and keep your digestion red. Be careful of your diet and keep your digestion red.

Subscriber, Millsap, Texas.—The glycerine may be used, but you had better see a doctor one time and get advice to last a long time. For your liver use sodium phosphate, such as you can get at the drug-store with directions on the label. Sleeping with windows open is not good for catarrh if the air is damp. Dry air is the cure for catarrh.

Rose, Emporia, Kans.—We think your trouble is asthmatic and due largely to climatic influences. You would probably have no trouble in the dry air of Arizona or Colorado. Then one hundred and seventy pounds is too much flesh for you to carry. Diet yourself down to one hundred and forty pounds. Don't imagine you have goiter and begin to treat yourself for it until you know certainly that you have it. Get a competent physician to examine you. You can get medicine at any drug-store for the temporary relief of asthma, but climate is the only cure, and that not always.

C. B., Suplee, Ore.—We have about come to the conclusion that the only remedy for boils is a thorough course of treatment to clean out and rejuvenate the entire system. Consult a physician and take his treatment.

L. O., Carlisle, Ark.—It is generally believed that goiter is the result of minerals in drinking water and there are districts where goiter is always prevalent. The predisposition is also inherited. It is wise not to live in goitrous districts. There is no "simple home remedy," as the disease is one that requires the attention of a physician to prevent serious results and great disfigurement.

Mrs. M. W., Carnegie, Okla.—The pains in your back and sometimes in your chest are a kind of neuralgic affection of the large nerves. Those in your back are lumbago in a very mild form. You will find much relief by using chloroform liniment. Don't rub it on, but wet a cloth and hold it on until you feel the blister coming, then take it off for a minute or two. Five grain tablets of salicylate of soda taken three times a day when the pain is severe will relieve. Better eat no meat at all than pork, though crisp bacon may be eaten. Substitute dry toast, or whole-wheat bread for your greasy biscuits. When you have noises in your stomach, which means poor digestion, take half a teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water. Until you get a new set of nerves you will be troubled more or less with those pains in your back and sides. Better see a doctor every three or four months for advice. It will be worth the dollar a time.

Mrs. J. A. H., Brandon, Texas.—Disordered nerves will bring about indigestion and that will react upon the nerves. Your indigestion is causing the trouble now and you should go upon a simple diet of rice and milk and eggs and fruit and whole-wheat bread, remembering to thoroughly chew every mouthful before swallowing it. Drink no coffee or tea. Use all your power on your nerves and conquer them. Don't worry.

Inquirer, Vicksburg, Miss.—A great many people naturally do not perspire, or if so, very little. It is the normal condition and if you should force perspiration you would be more uncomfortable than you now are. Let nature alone. If you want to cool off, try a steam bath for fifteen minutes after taking a tablespoonful of whiskey in a wineglass of hot water.

F. W., Arlington, O.—Youth is the plumply age and you will outgrow them before a great while. In the meantime keep the skin thoroughly clean with hot water and Castile soap after squeezing out the blackheads. Get a pimple lotion from the drug-store if you wish. Don't eat greasy food.

J. E. W., E. Pembroke, Mass.—You ask a cure for constipation as though we had one ready for the asking. We haven't. The only cure for that disease lies in the sufferer himself and he can get it by taking care of his food, his exercise, and his general manner of living. Even then he cannot always be sure, and furthermore what may answer for one person may be of no value to another. We suggest the use of laxatives known to everybody as being as good medicine as you can get. For the rest of it you must work out your own cure.

Subscriber, Burbank, O.—Acne is an inflammation of the hair follicles of the face and a morbid condition of the skin. The treatment is careful attention to diet and habits of life, ordinary tonics, especially arsenic, but you must have a physician prescribe. The best local application is compound hypochlorite of sulphur ointment. Stop the tar soap. You do not mention your age, but if you are young you will outgrow it.

J. S. T., New York, N. Y.—One may be what might be called "poisoned" from putting his hands in lime or Portland cement if the skin is broken and the deleterious matter gets into the blood. We have not met any such cases, and we suggest that your husband be examined at one of your hospitals. We suggest to other COMFORT readers that they keep their hands out of lime and cement.

Mrs. W. H. O., Havre, Mont.—Ulcerated teeth are due to various causes, sometimes local, sometimes constitutional. They are not fatal, but they may indicate diseases that are fatal. They may be treated only by a physician who can make examination.

Mrs. A. P., Ravenden Springs, Ark.—If you have rheumatism with your catarrh the warm dry air of Arizona or New Mexico is what you need. Colorado is too cold. The soda in hot water is harmless and helpful and you must diet yourself and keep your bowels free. Don't eat pork or potatoes, and chew your food thoroughly before swallowing it.

M. C., Jefferson City, Mo.—There is no cure for bashfulness and timidity except the common sense to realize how silly it is and the will power to overcome it.

J. P., Milwaukee, Wis.—Red and shiny nose and cold feet are due to poor circulation, which in turn is due to indigestion, no doubt. Diet yourself and get your digestion to working properly. A sixteen-year-old boy should have at least eight hours of good sleep every night.

## WE INVITE Every Thin Man and Woman Here. Every Reader of COMFORT Who Is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expens



Don't be "The Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Fatty, Peevish People Plump and Popular.

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think that I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 25 pounds with 26 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took out two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of the most wonderful tablets you have ever seen. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, Sargol makes thin folks fat, but we don't ask you to take one word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you the most valuable package you ever received.

### COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-T, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

### Pain Paint

stops pain instantly. On receipt of 25 one cent stamps I will send you by return mail a 50c package with directions for making twenty-four 25c bottles. Send 50 years by agents. E. L. WOLCOTT, 3 WOLCOTT BLDG., NEW YORK.

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Now—for our FREE 31-page interesting booklet. It tells all about Dr. Foote's "Home Cyclopedia" of Plain Talks on the Subjects of Love, Marriage, Parenthood and Sexology. This book is certain to awaken thought; contains valuable advice and 1001 facts that every adult ought to know. Remember, the book is yours for the asking. Ask to-day.

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I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office address. D. J. LANE, 223 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.

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I have a Simple Herb Recipe that cured me, and is curing thousands. Being retired from business, I am helping others. I will send the Recipe ABSOLUTELY FREE if you need it. Write plainly and mention this paper. Address Wm. H. Sutton, 2851 ORCHARD AV., Los Angeles, Cal.

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HIGHEST QUALITY GOLD FINISH. SPLENDID NEW DESIGNS.



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ALICE, No. 646, is an arts-and-crafts design, copying hand-tooled work which is very expensive.



ALINE. NO. 278.

ALINE, No. 278, is the favorite beaded edge pattern, always a popular design and always fashionable.



DORIS. NO. 289.

Doris, No. 289, is the engraved design, with monogram blank. In center space your monogram or initials may be cut.

All three are excellent Neck or Belt Pins. Are two and one-half inches long, with strong, serviceable pin bar. Will wear well for years and so inexpensive we hope every lady reader of COMFORT will send for a set.

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You may select one of each pattern shown, or three of a number, or assort your order in any way. Use numbers and we will send just what you select, and guarantee them. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Imported Mercerized Waistings

This is imported from Manchester, England, and is the product of one of the largest manufacturers of white goods in that city, from whom we obtain the finest goods. The waisting is made of the finest grade of yarn, perfectly woven, and snow white bleached and mercerized with a beautiful luster finish. The goods are supplied in an assortment of four designs as illustrated, all very neat and attractive effects. Comes 27 inches wide and three and one-half yards in a pattern piece; ample for one shirt waist, enabling one to use their own pattern and get up a perfect fitting waist at considerable saving.

Club Offer. Send only four subscripts at 25 cents each for 15 months for one pattern piece, and you have your choice of four designs. Order by number, and address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Just write your name and address on Coupon below—send to me—and receive by return mail, postpaid, my large new 1912 Organ Style Book showing all Thiery Organs in colors—and my Special Letter and wonderful Buying Plans. Don't be satisfied with a common every day organ—a Thiery Organ is the real music maker of all organs and you can get one direct from me—have from one to two years time to pay for it—and save all usual middle and agents' big profits besides.

OVER SEVEN THOUSAND homes ordered Thiery Organs in the past twelve months. That's a record that speaks for the QUALITY of my organs—a record that can't be beat by the sales of any other organ in recent years. And it's because Thiery Organs are the real "MUSIC MAKERS" of all organs—because they're sold at prices THAT SAVE YOU MONEY—because they're GUARANTEED as long as you keep them—because they COME DIRECT FROM ME on thirty days trial and test in your home, you to SHIP BACK AT MY EXPENSE if you're not more than pleased—because they're NEWER IN DESIGN and BETTER IN TONE—that's just why you should get your name in to me today on the coupon below and let me send my handsome new Style Book to you at once.

You'll also receive my special letter, giving you rock bottom prices—showing you how you can have ALMOST TWO YEARS TIME TO PAY IF YOU'RE NOT A CASH BUYER—and testimonial letters from buyers in every part of the country—don't spend your money for a common every day organ that will make you wish you hadn't bought it before you had it a year—don't close a deal anywhere for an organ until you see one of mine—remember, YOU BUY DIRECT FROM ME AND SAVE ALL MIDDLE PROFITS, COMMISSIONS, ETC., and you don't have to make any advance deposits or anything of that nature.

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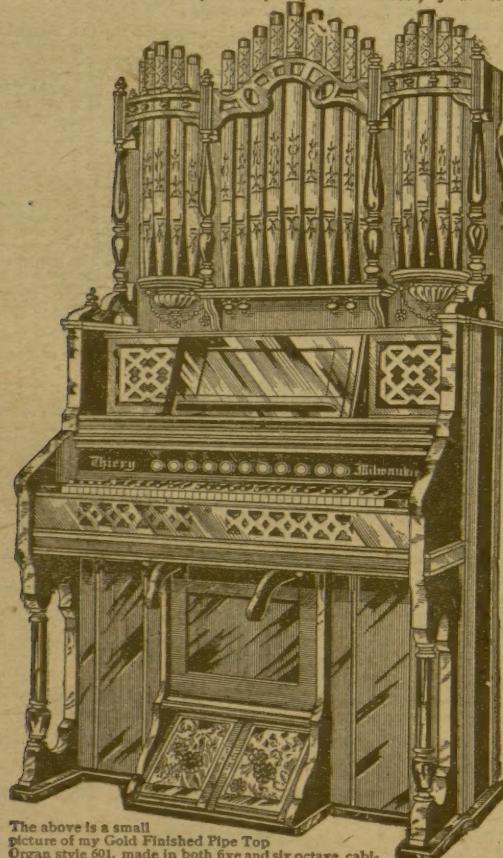
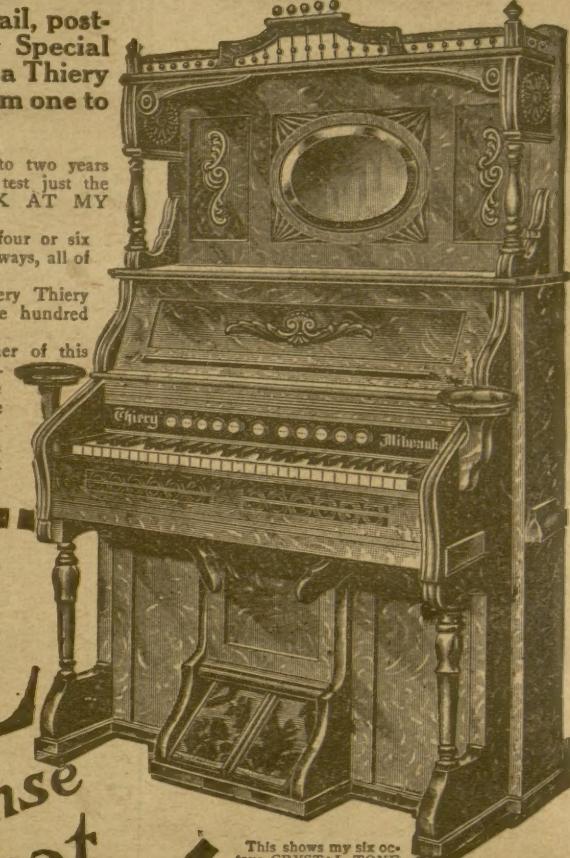
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If you keep it you can pay monthly, quarterly, once every four or six months until paid or a dozen other different ways, all of which are fully explained.

I furnish FREE OF CHARGE with every Thiery organ a fine adjustable stool, my complete one hundred page music and instruction book.

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The above is a small picture of my Gold Finished Pipe Top Organ style 601, made in both five and six octave cabinets. It is one of the finest and most up-to-date organs ever placed on the market, yet it costs you 50 per cent less than organ agents sell.

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FREE TRIAL  
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If You Are Not Glad That  
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This shows my six octave CRYSTAL TONE Organ made in the finest quarter sawed oak and mahogany finish cabinet. Over two thousand homes purchased this organ during the past twelve months time. If you're not a cash buyer, it's yours on terms of only \$2.50 a month until paid.

Read below what Thiery Organ owners say—read their letters—they show you why you can't make a mistake when you buy a Thiery Organ.

Thos. Gates, Tenn., writes: "We are more pleased with the organ sent to us. There is not another organ in our neighborhood that is in any way its equal, either

in tone or design and we can safely say that anybody buying direct from you will be money ahead by doing so."

E. D. Sanford, Brewton, Alabama, says: "Your beautiful Thiery Organ is giving great satisfaction. Myself and all my friends think it is better than any other organ in our section at anywhere near your price, and you will receive more orders for organs from this place."

J. F. Metzger, Titusville, Florida, writes: "In the Thiery Organ I have the finest organ in Titusville. One of my friends, a music teacher, inspected it and claims it is the finest instrument in town and worth \$50.00 more than I paid for it according to the prices organs sell for around here."

Ross Fender, Fargo, Georgia, says: "After having your organ for some time, I thought it my duty to write to you and tell you that it is looked upon as the finest organ in this town, both in tone and workmanship, and I would not send it

back to you for anything if I could not get another one just like it. I shall always be glad I saw your advertisement and ordered the organ from you."

J. D. Frederick, Elko, So. Carolina, writes: "Your organ has come to me and stands in this community as an organ of the highest class. I have several friends who are very sorry that they were so hasty in buying organs without waiting to see mine when it arrived."

R. H. Russell, Anna, Illinois, writes: "I am writing to let you know that I am more pleased with the organ you sent to me. We could not begin to get an organ like it elsewhere unless we paid \$30.00 or \$40.00 more for it, and that is the verdict of all who have seen and inspected it."

W. C. Coburn, Paragold, Ark., writes: "I received the organ which you shipped to me Saturday, Dec. 16, and I can say that I am more pleased with it. It surely is all you claim for it and then some. It certainly produces the finest music of any organ I ever played on and I consider it the finest organ in this country for the money."

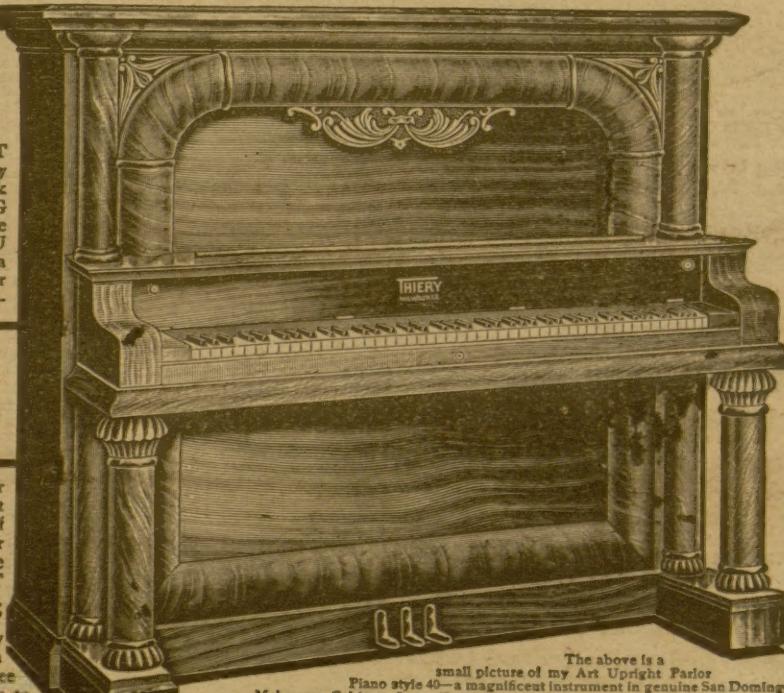
Maggie Speller, Windsor, North Carolina, writes: "Enclosed find money order for last payment on the organ I bought of you over a year ago. I would not begin to take the money I paid for it if I thought I could not get another organ just like it. In fact, this organ costing me only \$50.00, I would not take \$100.00 for it today."

"Nothing to Pay for but Quality" when you buy a Thiery Piano. Send now for FREE Style Book!

If you want a piano, just say so on the coupon below and mail it to me. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING whatever to find out how much better a Thiery Piano is than the common, made-to-sell instruments. The country is chuck full of common, every day pianos that are MADE TO SELL AT A BIG PROFIT but that is not the kind of a piano you want. Send me your name today—let me send you my book and buying plans and SHOW YOU THE DIFFERENCE. When you order a Thiery Piano you can expect a saving of \$75.00 to \$150.00—when you place the instrument in your parlor, THE PROOF IS BEFORE YOU and from a quality stand-point—if you don't stamp every detail with your O. K.—MERELY SHIP IT BACK TO ME AT MY EXPENSE.

I'll ship any Thiery Piano you order from my Style Book direct to you no matter where you live, AT MY ENTIRE EXPENSE, all freight charges prepaid—when it comes, you can try and test it in your parlor for one full month, and at the end of that time if you're not more than delighted—if you're not glad you ordered it—if you're not willing to admit a big saving of money and a better and more up-to-date piano than you can secure anywhere else—ALL YOU NEED DO IS SHIP IT BACK AT MY EXPENSE. My free trial is exactly what I advertise. When I say "NOTHING TO PAY FOR QUALITY" it means no agents or middlemen—no middle profits of any kind for you to pay out of your pocket. I'll give you from two to three years time to pay me for any Thiery Piano you want if you're not a cash buyer, and I'll ship piano to you at my expense on absolutely free trial and test WITHOUT ANY ADVANCE MONEY WHATEVER and without the slightest obligation. You can arrange to pay me monthly, quarterly, once every six months or a dozen other different ways, all of which will be fully explained in my special letter sent with Style Book.

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The above is a small picture of my Art Upright Piano style 40—a magnificent instrument in general San Domingo Mahogany Cabinet—Ivory Keys—Copper Overstrung Strings in the Bass—Embossed Grand Top—a piano which I'll place aside any \$500. piano you can buy in your vicinity. This one and all other Thiery Pianos are shown in my Style Book in full-page pictures.

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